THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Established Aug. 4, 1821. DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philad'a. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865. Price $2.50 A Year, in Advance. Whole Number Issued, 8292. Single Number 5 Cents.

In the Prison at Andersonville.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY PHILA H. CASE.

The parting words had all been spoken,
And we were just a thousand men,
Who marched away with ranks unbroken,
Vowing to die or conquer then.
We two had joined them, Ned and I,
And we were all our mother had;
Yet she had bravely said good-bye,
And blessed us both with face so sad.

He was her youngest, darling child,
A fair, brave boy with heart of fire,
And instincts deep, a spirit wild,
Whose constant cry was "more and higher."
And well he loved sweet Edith Brand,
And bright had been his dreams of fame;
He said, "I'll help to save my land,
Perchance beside may win a name."

We marched by day, and marched by night,
And fought upon a hundred fields—
And always shouted, "We will fight
Until the last vile 'Johnny' yields."
We saw are noble fellows fall
With many a tear, until at last
A hundred men or so were all
We numbered when two years had passed.

Close to the guns that blood red day
We pressed with firm, unflinching tread,
Nor faltered though the fearful way
Led o'er a sea of ghastly dead.
At last a hundred sweeping by
Turned on us 'mid the cannon's roar,
And there were only Ned and I,
It might be half a dozen more.

And so they brought us here, and oh!—
I wonder if our fallen race
E'er dreamed of aught so fraught with woe—
With anguish, as this cursed place?
And brother Ned so long was brave,
Gazing with eager, wistful eyes
Off to the hazy hills that wave
Against the cloud flecked, pitying skies.

Striving through all the weary hours
To catch one breath of scented air
That swept from off magnolia bowers—
And orange blossoms white and rare.
I watched him, mother's darling child
Grow pale who never paled before,
Thinking my brain would sure go wild
To see the proud lips smile no more.

He faded day by day—a prayer
Upon his lips for one sweet breath—
What wonder when the reeking air
Was chill and dank with dews of death.
The sun shot down his burning rays,
The night dew drenched his darling head,
And yet no moan through all those days,
The damp, hard earth his only bed.

I heard him muttering in his dreams
Of the fair girl with light brown hair—
And "home and mother" were the themes
That mingled with his every prayer.
But why delay my tale—he died—
And careless hands bore him away,
For what were one when side by side
Hundreds were dying every day?

A shallow grave they made at night,
A night that throbbed in dripping mist,
And tossed the damp earth on the white
Fair brow *she* had so often kissed.
They say we are exchanged at last—
To-morrow we shall all be free—
I hardly grieve our bondage past,
For life is little now to me.

EVE ISLE:

OR,

THE CALYPSO'S LAST VOYAGE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TOM DINGLEBY'S DIPLOMACY," &c.

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CHAPTER IV.

When Mr. Illdreth returned to the library after parting from his cousin, he found Eve standing motionless by the window. A glance sufficed to show him that her face was clouded, but from what cause he had yet to learn. It was a beautiful face, notwithstanding the dark shadows that flitted over it, the fierce unfeminine expression that shot like fiery scintillations from those far-seeing mysterious eyes, and the close compression of her bright crimson lips.

Her form of about the medium height, of exquisite proportions and to all external appearances already fully developed to womanhood, would have been a model for a sculptor, as she stood with one white shoulder petulantly raised above her corsage, and one bare arm well turned, but showing a muscular development indicating unusual strength, for one of her sex, carelessly resting on the back of a chair.

"You look very pretty this evening," Wayne said, advancing towards her, and attempting to circle her waist with his arm, "but what has gone amiss. There is a perfect thunder-storm gathering in your face."

Eve deigned no reply, but by a rapid movement evaded his clasp, and passed to the other side of the window.

The young man understood her moods, and knew how to bring a calm out of a tempest. Quietly seating himself, he picked up the morning paper, and the next moment, was, to all appearances, absorbed in its contents.

For an instant, Eve watched him with a curious sidelong glance, which was not unusual with her when irritated, a glance that seemed to diffuse such a subtle magnetism that its recipient never failed to feel its influence. Her bosom rose and fell with the tumult of stormy emotion that swayed her heart, and then with a spring which had something fearfully panther-like in its lightning rapidity, and lithe undulating muscular energy she was kneeling beside him, the dark expression of her face had vanished, and in the place of it, was a sad, earnest entreaty that never failed to touch a tender chord in her companion's heart.

"Wayne, don't be indifferent to me," she said, nestling closely to him like a frightened child, and looking pleadingly up into his face. "There is no one in all the world to love me but you, and I do not know what would become of me if you were to cast me off."

"I never dreamed of such a thing, *ma petite*, but when you are in a pet, I have no resource but to wait till you come out of it.

"I wish I could help being wicked. I wish I was like other girls," she answered, gazing up into his face with a look of longing for something above and beyond her reach in her eyes which were now soft and very beautiful.

"Perhaps *I* like you better as you are, you wild, headstrong little witch, though you do now and then remind me of a typhoon in the Indian seas," he answered with a smile, but with the inward conviction that always haunted him when with her, that there was more of truth than jest in such words, and that she, indeed, had a fascination for him which he was alike incapable of wholly throwing off, or entirely comprehending.

"Do you?" she exclaimed brightening, "I wish it was so, but it is not. You would not leave me if it was, I *know* I could not go away from you."

"How leave you? What do you mean?"

"You are going on a long journey, and—"

"How do you know? Who told you that I was?" Wayne said, interrupting her.

"No one told me, but I know you are. Ralph was here awhile ago. You are going somewhere with him, and trouble will certainly come of it."

"Eve, have you been listening?"

She sprang to her feet like a flash, and the indignant blood rushed in a crimson torrent over her cheek and forehead.

"Wayne Illdreth, I never committed such an act in my life," she cried, stamping her foot with passionate energy, "and it is despicable in you, a man, to insult me by such a question. Beg my pardon this instant."

"I will, for I was wrong. Pray forgive me, coz."

"Oh, yes! you know I could not be angry with you more than a moment, and then it makes me sick at heart to remember it," she answered, again resuming her favorite place at his knee, with no vestige of the gust of passion remaining on her features. "But tell me this, is it true that you are going away?"

"Yes; I must go to fulfill a request of my uncle; and now, Eve, I want you to tell me truly, how you gained your information if no one told you?"

Her face grew troubled, and for some moments she remained silent.

"I can't explain it," she at last said, wearily, "I have no words that will describe it. Sometimes it seems to me as though I had two separate beings, in one of them the world, and men, and women, and all that I am familiar with, fade away from me, and I have strange visions, and know a thousand things I never knew before, and see places where I have never been, and people I have never seen. I suppose I knew this in that way."

"Do you ever try to look into the future?"

"Oh! Wayne, why do you ask me such questions? I don't like to think or talk of such things more than I can help. I am not like other people. Every one notices it, and avoids me, and these visions, or whatever they are, are what make me different."

"I do not wish to annoy you by dwelling upon an unpleasant subject, but I have a reason for asking these questions."

The shadow of anxious perplexity on Eve's face grew deeper, but she continued,

"I don't think I can tell what you wish to know. Ever since I can remember there has seemed to be a kind of cloud, almost transparent, but not quite, floating between me and the other life of which I told you, shutting out from me that strange valley land of which I have such indistinct occasional glimpses. Sometimes I have a feeling that my will is strong enough to drive away this mist, if I only knew how to exercise it, and the inclination is often strong upon me to do so, and see all that is beyond. But I seldom have any wish to look into my own future; the effort wearies me more than I can tell; besides, the pictures I see are always dark, the sky is overcast, and the waters tossing in angry waves, as I have seen the ocean in a storm, and when the vision passes I have a dull, heavy weight upon my heart, and something tells me my life will not be happy. Can you, or any one explain this?"

Wayne did not answer, but sat as if lost in a reverie. Half unconsciously he laid his hand upon the head of the still kneeling girl, and gently smoothed the soft, shining hair which was carelessly looped up in rich, luxuriant masses. Slowly she bowed her head to his touch until her cheek rested on his knee with a look of perfect peace, too full and deep to find expression in words, resting like a silvery veil upon her face, always exquisitely perfect, whether in calm repose as then, or overcast with passion, as it had so lately been.

"We will not talk of this any more now, Wayne said presently. "No explanation that I could give would make the matter more clear to you, and I would not dwell upon it. It might tend to make you nervous and superstitious. If you are not like other girls, it is because you are vastly superior intellectually, and only require careful culture to become a brilliant woman, one of whom any man would be proud."

"Would you be proud of me if I was learned and accomplished?"

"Indeed, I should," he answered, and the sudden, almost irresistible impulse that he felt to clasp her to his heart and hold her there, admonished him that a danger lurked in this delicious, unrestrained intimacy with that budding woman, with her mysterious spiritual being and unsolved destiny, a danger he might not be able to guard against or overcome, did that nameless fascination obtain any more complete mastery over him.

Eve did not answer immediately, but a soft color stole gently over her cheek, as shadows ripple over still water, and the expression of perfect happiness upon her face, made it absolutely radiant.

"I am very happy now," she said, "and while I am, tell me about this journey you must take."

It was a bewitching vision of girlish beauty upon which his glance rested, and words were on his lips which reason and honor told him he must not speak. These counsels prevailed, and he answered calmly as to the nature of his contemplated voyage.

"I wish I could go with you. I love to be at sea," she went on, after another pause of trance-like reverie.

"I wish you could indeed," he answered passionately, and then added, in a tone of easy familiarity, "but then that's out of the question, you know, *ma petite*. What would dear Mrs. Grundy say? besides, in the year or two that I am prowling like a vagabond, about the ocean, looking for an island that I am half inclined to think never existed, or if it did, has been swallowed up by an earthquake, you must be at some fashionable polishing and veneering establishment for young ladies, for the purpose of acquiring those accomplishments that will render you the most brilliant as you are now the prettiest girl in New York."

"And make you proud of me!" Eve said, raising her eyes, and looking steadfastly at him.

"Yes, to be sure," he answered, nervously.

"Then I am content to stay and study, though it will be a fearful task. You will not forget me?"

"Certainly not. Do you suppose that possible?"

"Or love any one else as well as you do me?"

"What possesses you to ask such odd questions?" Wayne said, smiling, but his lip trembled, and he could with difficulty prevent his articulation from betraying the influence that strange girl was beginning to exercise over his heart and faculties.

"Oh! I know you will not, when I love you so very, very dearly with such an undivided heart and soul and life."

She wound her white arms round his neck, her breath played upon his cheek, her lips met his lovingly, confidingly, telling in the kiss they gave, how perfectly she trusted, how completely she worshipped him, and then with a spring, rapid, intensely graceful, but panther like, she disappeared through the doorway.

That night, for the first time in her life, Eve Isle bowed her head, and tried to pray. Thoughts incoherent, half formed, and fragments of wild, disjointed ideas, came crowding together in her mist-obscured mind, tears choked her voice, words to express what her shadowed soul felt so exquisitely, she could not command.

"Bless *him*, and make me lovely in his sight!" was all the prayer she uttered, but I like to think it ascended straight to the ear of Him who in those few words could interpret all the unspoken supplication that filled the heart of the poor petitioner to whom so little light had been given.

CHAPTER V.

Mr. Illdreth was anxious to be gone, and blest Fortune that an accident had opportunely given him such an excellent opportunity to break off at once and effectually an intimacy which it required no prophet to foretell would soon be dangerous to his own peace of mind, and might result in the most disastrous consequences to another who could not be estimated by any of the rules that govern ordinary humanity.

The weird fascination that Eve had woven around him, though its spell was strongest in her presence, was growing upon him daily, and began to make itself felt, with a vividness that was startling from its incomprehensibility, even when she was absent from him, nor could he close his eyes to the truth that unintentionally he had awakened a passion in her heart, corresponding in depth and fierceness to her own intense uncontrolled nature.

Of marriage with this dark girl, with her mystical powers, and so strange a blight upon her moral being, he dared not think. The blood relationship existing between them, though an objection, he might have silenced, but there were other obstacles that rose into mountains with no path over them that even an adventurous foot might travel.

It was true that to him she seldom exhibited those darker traits of character that marred the symmetry of her splendid intellectual endowment. Her gusts of passion, though fierce and frequent, were but momentary, always yielding to his skillful touch, and he knew that she possessed qualities as noble and lofty as ever actuated woman, and a capacity for loving that seemed boundless as the Universe and lasting as Eternity itself. But alas! with all this, there was blended so much that was perverse, mysterious and selfish, that the marble became clay, from which the sculptor turned away sorrowfully.

This mental mystery of poor Eve's which Wayne had sought to solve, grew more complex as he reflected upon it. So far as his own observation went, she seemed, while theoretically believing in the existence of God and the leading tenets of the Christian faith, to have little, if any sense of moral responsibility, and in her daily life was governed more by a womanly sense of propriety than by any ideas of right and wrong. Perhaps, as in the lapse of years, her physical nature became renewed, her moral might share in the regeneration, but in this there was a grave peradventure, and the young man who had weighed sentiment against philosophy saw which way the scale inevitably trembled.

With such convictions on his mind, he hastened his preparations for departure. In this he was heartily seconded by Captain Gale, who seemed as anxious to be gone as his employer, not unnaturally perhaps, as the voyage, as far as human foresight could go, promised to be a more profitable one than it was at all likely the young commander would ever make again; nevertheless, Solomon Wreathe shook his head and doubted, and Eve's face grew stormy whenever the young men made their appearance together.

Wayne Illdreth resolved, inasmuch as circumstances compelled him to make this singular voyage, to prepare for a somewhat extended journey. The old beaten track of modern tourists he had been over, alone and in company, idle and expeditiously, until travel had almost lost its charm, but here was something new, which unfolded a thousand attractions. It was quite out of the common order of things for a young gentleman of elegant leisure to set forth on a tour of the great Southern Ocean, with its ocean isles and balmy atmosphere, in a vessel engaged for his own convenience, and the more he thought of it, the more enamored did he become with the wild untrammeled abandon it promised, and the more fully determined to "*do*" the Pacific thoroughly. Perhaps he had another motive for prolonging his absence. Absence is said to conquer love, and it is possible he had an idea of testing the truth of this adage in his own and another's experience.

Having arranged such a grand vagabondizing cruise of such uncertain length and duration, Mr. Illdreth proceeded to make ample preparation for his own comfort and convenience. Treatises upon his favorite scientific themes were selected, that the means might be at hand for following up these pursuits should he feel studiously inclined, and to these were added others of a lighter character, such as one could comfortably doze over, as he lounged upon the deck where the sails cast their broad shadow, his cheek fanned by the soft breath of the tropics, heavy with the perfume of some spice island, with its strand of madrepores and deep jungles of never dying verdure and envenomed life. Shooting and fishing tackle, too, were not neglected, and the list was further swelled by appropriate clothing for the various climes through which he expected to pass; a fine set of mathematical instruments and chemical apparatus, hammers for geological research, herbariums for the preservation of foreign plants and flowers, and so on to an almost infinite variety, until Mr. Daniel Garnet, second mate of the Calypso, became tired of receiving and stowing away such an endless quantity of old paraphernalia, and privately expressed the opinion that another ship would have to be chartered to carry the gentleman's baggage.

Eve had watched all these proceedings, (and even taken part in them, for she followed her cousin every where,) with that peculiar sidelong glance which, to those who knew her, was an unmistakable indication that she was dissatisfied, and might give vent to her displeasure at any moment in one of her violent gusts of passion; but it was also evident to the few who understood anything of her character, that she was striving with what in her was a most praiseworthy earnestness, to feel resigned to the approaching separation from the only real friend she had, the only one of all the world who saw or cared to see aught of good in her blighted nature.

Self-control she had never been taught, and it was one of the things she did not know by intuition, and it was pitiful to watch the desolate child battling with the dark demon that possessed her, with a skill so miserably inadequate to the task, and trying to wear a cheerful face, because a womanly instinct told her it would make her cousin happier.

Mr. Illdreth saw and understood the moral contest Eve was waging, and the innate strength of character that had enabled her to carry out so well her resolves, commanded his respectful admiration. He also knew that she entertained a singular aversion to his trusting aught to Capt. Gale, or even sailing with him, and this had imperceptibly engendered in his own mind a half superstitious feeling that all the dry logic in Solomon Wreathe's cranium never could have produced that he might have selected a more trustworthy coadjutor.

This however was of course, an insufficient reason for altering his plans. It would have ill become him, shrewd man of the world that he was, to deviate from his programme, because a girl whom every one considered more or less deranged, was pleased to regard unfavorably the ship master he had selected; besides he really liked Ralph, personally, and under ordinary circumstances, would have looked forward to passing the time in his company very agreeably, but with an inconsistency which he would have been ashamed to acknowledge, the thought was often in his mind that Eve's clairvoyant eyes sometimes looked beyond the mists she had so fancifully described as veiling her vision, and had partial glimpses of dire disaster, awaiting him.

So passed two months, bringing the misty atmosphere of October, and the Calypso's preparations for departure to completion. All was now in readiness, and but a day intervened before that determined upon for sailing. Eve became more restless and nervous as the dreaded time drew nearer, but she maintained her self control, and on the afternoon of the day referred to, had accompanied Wayne on board the vessel that was to bear him away from her.

The Calypso was a splendid craft, with a model like a yacht, and Eve's eyes grew luminous with enthusiastic pleasure, as they wandered over the graceful outlines and proportions.

"Oh! Wayne, what a beautiful vessel," she exclaimed, "and how much I wish I was going with you—but I don't like Ralph's sailors, they look wicked—as wicked as he is."

"You should not be so uncharitable, particularly to one almost your brother. You are both children of the same mother."

"He is no brother of mine, and I never had a mother," Eve answered bitterly, "and I repeat he is thoroughly cruel, wicked and deceitful. I have known him all my life, and he never, to my knowledge, did a kind or generous action, unless he had some selfish motive."

"Do you know that you are not attractive in these bitterly censorious moods?" Wayne asked quietly.

The expression of Eve's face changed in an instant. The stormy look deepened, her lips were fiercely compressed as she turned away to hide the passion that was so near obtaining the mastery over her.

"We must not quarrel now," she said, after a brief conflict that decided the victory in her favor, raising her eyes to his face with that look of tender earnestness that made hers beautiful. "We are to part soon. God only knows when to meet again. I have been trying to hold my unhappy temper in check—if you knew how sincerely, you would not judge me so harshly, but pity me, and like me better."

"I understand all this better than you imagine. I have watched your first efforts at self-control with deep interest and great faith in their ultimate success, and as for finding fault with you, nothing so goes against my inclination."

At that moment, and ere Eve could frame a reply, a plain carriage drew up to the end of the pier to which the Calypso was moored, the door opened and a middle aged gentleman whose slow, cautious movements proclaimed him an invalid, alighted, followed by a delicate fairy-looking girl simply and tastefully dressed.

"Is this the brig Calypso?" the gentleman inquired of one of the seamen who was engaged in receiving some last article of stores.

"Aye, aye, sir, this is her sure enough, bound on a Tom Cox cruise, with sealed orders."

"Is Mr. Illdreth on board?" pursued the stranger.

"That is my name," Wayne said, stepping forward. "Can I serve you in any way?"

"That is precisely what I came to ascertain," continued the stranger, producing his card. "My name may not be known to you. That, however, can make little difference."

"Mr. Fay's name is well known in the artistic circles I sometimes frequent," Wayne

answered, glancing at the card. "To what fortunate circumstance do I owe the pleasure of this visit?"

"To the fact that I have been informed, I know not with how much truth, that you contemplate a somewhat extended voyage to the South seas."

"For once, my dear sir, rumor has confined herself to facts, and we sail to-morrow."

"Then my object can be stated in a few words. I am, as you doubtless perceive, a miserable invalid, and not worth much trouble, but my physician, a good, easy going soul, who, no doubt, wishes to be rid of me, has taken the whim that a sea voyage might prolong my life a little, and for the sake of my daughter who has no mother, poor thing! and therefore leans on me, I have concluded to try it."

"You surely did not desire to take passage with me."

"You are surely mistaken, for such is the sincere wish of my heart, if you have the necessary accommodations for Gertrude and I, and a band-box or two."

"We have two unoccupied staterooms, sir, and I should be delighted with the prospect of such an agreeable addition to my company; but the cruise I have in view is exceedingly uncertain both as to length and destination."

"All of which are additional recommendations, my dear Ildreth. You are going to a part of the world that is new to me, and that is enough. An ordinary journey by steam packet would bore me to death with its monotony."

"Then if you will step into the cabin, I will show you such accommodations as I have to offer, and if these will answer your purpose, which I scarcely venture to hope, we will consider the matter settled, and yourself and daughter enlisted to follow the fortunes of the Calypso in her wanderings."

"What! before we have said a word about dollars and cents. I am afraid you are a bad financier."

"If that is the case, and I won't pretend to deny it, you will perceive the impropriety of troubling me about money matters; but jesting aside, I assure you that you could not do me a greater favor than to give me your company, and consider yourself my guest."

"You have magnificent ideas of hospitality. You should have been born an Eastern satrap. We will talk of this matter further by-and-by; and now show us your Calypso."

"You really make me ashamed of the little I have to show; nevertheless, one can do no better than to offer the best he has. This, I presume, is your daughter, of whom you spoke?"

"Yes; this is my Gertrude, the only one left of all my nestlings. Excuse so informal a presentation. I have an aversion to formality."

Wayne bowed, and in turn introduced his new acquaintance to his own companion, who had thus far been a silent but deeply interested spectator of what was passing.

A wider contrast than the two girls presented in almost every particular, it would be difficult to imagine. Gertrude, with her delicately traced features, petite, etherial figure, and thoroughly refined and high-bred manner, looked the very opposite of Eve's dark, stormy beauty, quick, nervous movements, and perfectly rounded though muscular form that indicated in all its elegant outlines and undulations, a strength and agility which are often found combined with feminine grace among partially civilized nations, but seldom among our own countrywomen.

Eve had listened with abated breath to the preceding colloquy, and the cloud that was gathering upon her brow, black as midnight, told in what manner it affected her. Until the moment of introduction, Gertrude had scarcely given her more than a passing glance, observing only that she was pretty, though of a peculiar dark style, and with rather shy taciturn manners. And now, when their eyes met for the first time, she involuntarily started at the look so full of subtle menace that met her own, and with a hurried nod and a few half coherent words of politeness, to which the other deigned not the slightest reply, was glad to follow her father and Mr. Ildreth into the cabin beyond the reach of those strange eyes that seemed to look in upon her very soul.

Wayne's attention was so much occupied with his visitors that this little side scene passed unheeded, and being moreover accustomed to Eve's eccentricities, he was not apt to observe very much in her manner that would be quite noticeable to others, so all unconscious of the storm that had swept over his cousin's heart, tossing into mad billows the passions that lay hushed and dormant in its deep recesses, he proceeded with his guests, and as the party disappeared below, Eve reached the pier with one panther spring, and in a moment was lost in the heterogeneous crowd of South street.

Where she rambled that autumn afternoon she never could have told, though she had a misty recollection of hurrying through streets that seemed interminable and numberless, but all those live long hours until far into the night, her feet bore her wearily up and down until finally, by some chance, she found herself at her own home. Letting herself in with a night-key, she stole softly up stairs, threw herself, dressed as she was, upon the bed, and gave way to a wild passion of weeping.

Far along into the small hours of morning Wayne suddenly awoke with the defined impression that he was not alone, and a feeling of brooding, intangible terror weighing upon his heart. The terror had no shape or name, but disjointed fragments of a vision were floating in his mind, wherein was blended such a chaos of disaster that he shrank appalled from its contemplation. He glanced fearfully around, and the gray, uncertain light of morning revealed to him the figure of Eve, with her heavy, shining hair unbound and falling over her shoulders in dark ripples like densely shaded water, kneeling at his bedside, still as a statue, looking into his face with a steady, persistent gaze, that made him shiver.

"Eve, for Heaven's sake, what are you doing?" Wayne said sharply.

"Nothing but looking at you"

"I believe that is more than my nerves can bear quietly. But why are you here at such an hour?"

"Why shouldn't I be? Can't I steal in to look at you while you asleep without being wicked?"

"Certainly, but you do such strange things—"

"That they might as well be wicked," she said interrupting him. "I dare say it is so but I can't help it. Is that young lady going with you?"

"Yes, but why didn't you stay and learn for yourself? You disappeared like a rocket!"

"I thought of something I wished to do, and ran away intending to return immediately, but was detained too long. She is very pretty, don't you think so?"

"I do indeed," Wayne answered, puzzled by her words, which were perfectly calm and measured however, though there was a compression of her lips, and a glitter in the mysterious depths of her eyes that gave the lie to this external calmness.

"If I was a man I should fall in love with her," she pursued, resting her chin upon her hands, and peering into the face of her companion.

"Perhaps I shall," Wayne answered lightly, though with the feeling that it would take many leagues of ocean and many months of absence, to obliterate the recollection of that kneeling figure at his bedside so fascinating in its weird elfishness.

"I shouldn't wonder if you did. Where is the money Uncle Hugh gave me when he died?"

"Mr. Wreathe has it in charge. Why do you ask?"

"Because I want to have charge of it myself while you are gone."

"It shall be so, if you desire, but do not let me have cause to repent the confidence I repose in you."

"I knew you would let me have my way, and now I am going. Good-night, or rather morning," and she flashed away from him.

CHAPTER VI.

The day of departure had arrived. It was a beautiful morning—the light, hazy atmosphere of the early Indian Summer hung lazily over the bay, with its isle and mainland scenery, and infinite variety of sails, rendering distant objects partially indistinct, but adding a species of witchery to everything from the gauze in which it had robed Nature, half concealing beauties and defects, but leaving all to acquire something from imagination.

Late the previous evening, the Calypso having received the last article of her stores and cargo, and the multifarious baggage of Mr. Fay and his daughter, had hauled into the stream, and was now lying off the Battery, with her topsail loosed, awaiting the arrival of her commander and his passengers.

A little past ten o'clock, Capt. Gale emerged from the custom house with his clearance in his pocket, and wended his way toward the foot of Pine street, off which an impatient snorting little steam tug was waiting to convey him on board the Calypso, and convoy her outside.

On reaching the pier from which he expected to embark, Ralph was somewhat surprised at encountering his steward, a gigantic negro who answered to the grotesque misnomer of Dr. Small, accompanied by a tall, wiry, middle aged man, very marine and unmistakably Yankee in dress and manner.

"What brings you here, Small?" Ralph said impatiently. "Has anything gone amiss, or did Mr. Carboy send you to show me the way on board?"

"Mas'er Carboy done gone and die," responded the negro, looking uneasily around. "He brung me ashore with him las' night, and went on a big spree, bowse out his jib uncommon; I 'clare I never see a man so thirsty, and bimeby he was took with deliriums frightful, and he's down to the boarding house, dead as a herrin'."

"Serves him right, too, the drunken brute!" Ralph said angrily, "but it was d—d ill natured of him to die just at this time of all others, for he knew that I depended more on him than any man on board. Now what am I to do? I can't go without a mate, and I'm all ready to sail."

"I guess I'm the man that can about fill that berth, seeing it's vacant," said the stranger. "Your luff slipped his cable round to my place, and I come along with the darkey, calculating you'd want another officer, and—"

"Who are you, and where do you come from?" Ralph said, interrupting him, and giving him a glance of keen scrutiny.

"Well, I register the name of Deuteronomy Coonrod, and hail from *Inter* Bay up on Long Island," said the individual addressed, not at all disconcerted by the other's searching look and asperity of manner.

"Deuteronomy Coonrod! whew! There was nothing in the Mayflower to beat that."

"I calculate not, Capting, but you see my folks was pious people, and give all their children Scripter names, but there was such an everlasting lot on 'em that all the or'nary ones was used up before they got to me. They didn't r'aly like to call me Judas or Beelzebub, so they concluded to baptize me Deuteronomy, which is as good as anything, and has the advantage of being uncommon."

"Yes, I see," said Ralph, amused at the quaint humor that twinkled from Mr. Coonrod's little gray eyes. "Have you been to sea, or did you acquire your nautical education in a saw mill?"

"Wall, I've sailed some considerable, first and last, and know how to pull and haul."

"Do you know enough not to stand in your own light?"

"As a general thing, Capting, I believe I do; the Coonrod family has always had the name of looking out pretty sharp for themselves."

"Step this way, then—I can soon satisfy myself whether you will answer my purpose," said Ralph, leading the way toward a neighboring bar room.

Half an hour later they emerged from it, apparently on the best of terms, and Mr. Coonrod was duly engaged to fill the vacancy that so unexpectedly occurred, and Captain Gale, with his increased retinue, proceeded on board the steam tug.

It still lacked a few minutes of eleven, when two carriages simultaneously rattled down White Hall, and drew up near the Staten Island Ferry. One contained Mr. Fay and daughter; the other, Wayne Ildreth, Mr. Wreathe and Eve Isle.

Wayne had been anticipating some kind of a scene with his cousin at the final parting, but in this he was completely disappointed. She was quiet, composed, even cheerful, and met him with a sunnier face that morning than she had worn since preparations for the voyage had actually begun, and while inexpressibly relieved at this unlooked for placidity, just a tinge of pique momentarily disturbed the young gentleman's equanimity as the thought glanced through his mind that this strange girl, who had so fascinated him, might have evinced a shade more sorrow at his departure, without being guilty of the slightest indiscretion.

Was it possible that a feminine instinct had suggested to Eve the course of all others to strengthen the chain that unwittingly she had thrown around this thorough-bred man of the world, who thought himself so well versed in woman's wiles? No one could say, but there she stood, the picture of girlish health and beauty, exchanging pleasant words with all, though rather attaching herself to Mr. Wreathe, with whom she was to reside during Wayne's absence, but had any one examined her face closely, they might have detected indications of a mental undercurrent that left scarce a ripple on its surface, so deep and quiet was its flow, such an one as in the ocean moves ice mountains straight on against the howling tempest and sweeping tide.

"Well, there goes Ralph and his steam tug," Wayne said presently, and we must be off. Here comes our boat all right. Wreathe, take good care of this cez of mine till I come back."

"I'll try," responded the old lawyer, briefly, but with an expression on his face that seemed to say he was enlisting in a work that might sorely puzzle him.

"Of course you will, my dear fellow. Good-bye, Eve, my little one. God bless you. Be a good girl, and all that sort of thing, and don't play tricks on Solomon."

"I will remember," Eve answered quietly, as she held out her hand, but received, instead of the cousinly grasp, a kiss that thrilled her. "Good-bye, Wayne, good-bye, Miss Fay, a pleasant voyage to all of you."

The parting word was said. Those who were going were seated in a little skiff which was to bear them to their vessel, and those who were to remain stood watching on the strand. Gracefully and with a musical plash the oars dipped into the water and the boat glided away. Wayne stood up and waved a final adieu with his handkerchief, to which Eve responded by kissing her hand, and Solomon Wreathe by furiously swinging his hat.

Twenty minutes later, the boat shot alongside the Calypso, and the party ascended to the deck. Then the steam tug, which had already taken up her position in advance of the brigantine, with a hawser connecting them, uttered its warning scream, and got under weigh. Smaller, and less distinct in the haze, became the two vessels, as they swept on towards the Narrows, until they disappeared seaward.

"I suppose we may as well return now," Mr. Wreathe said. "Our friend is gone, and we have seen the last of him for one while."

"You may go with the carriage," Eve answered, "but I will stay awhile and look at the ships. I know the way back."

"Very well," said the old lawyer, after a brief pause, during which he had evidently been considering whether it would be exactly safe to leave his charge alone, but reflecting, no doubt, that in all probability she would do just as she pleased, he made a virtue of necessity and turned away.

For an hour or more, Eve continued to walk up and down beneath the ancient trees that adorn the old Battery, evidently revolving some plan of grave import, and arranging it in all its details. Sometimes she paused to gaze over the Bay, and a look of troubled anxiety or doubt (it was susceptible of either interpretation) would cross her face, only to give place to one of decision and self-reliance, as she resumed her ramble, with her head thrown a little forward, altogether preoccupied, and taking no notice of what was passing around her.

About one o'clock she slowly emerged from the Battery and turned her face homeward, not up Broadway, however, for a strange whim had seized her to explore the unsavory mysteries of West street. The contiguous river, with its shipping, might have been the attraction, but be this as it may, she went on, daintily picking her path across broken and uneven pavements, utterly regardless of the attention she excited, now jostled against by sailors and other varieties of amphibious humanity that pervade such localities, and now by a dexterous movement avoiding the multitude of wheeled vehicles that threatened to crush her as she passed, as devoid of timidity as she would have been within the privacy of her own room.

Once or twice she boldly explored some of the many piers extending far into the water, apparently for no other purpose than to admire the great ocean steamers there moored; and then, in obedience to some new caprice, she invaded offices that looked sufficiently maritime to go to sea by themselves, making inquiries of the officials, who answered her respectfully, though they looked wonderingly after the child, who roamed about unattended where men find trouble to penetrate, asking questions that would have sounded more in keeping from an old shipping merchant or sailor. Then all undaunted she looked into queer shops, half sunk below the pavement, where there were strange medleys of merchandise for sale, consisting of sailors' garments, sheath knives and pistols and pinchbeck jewelry, in close proximity to stale cakes and pies, and astonished the Israelitish proprietor by asking the price of things which it was morally certain no young girl wanted.

But at length her explorations were finished, and escaping from the marine region she had been travelling, she reached the Astor House by the nearest route, and took her seat in one of the city cars, that in due time left her within a short distance of Mr. Wreathe's dwelling.

There was a look on her face as she wearily ascended to her room that said her plan was arranged, and that it was a desperate one, but what it was, was yet to be unfolded.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Lost Child.

TO EDITORS.—William T., son of Mr. F. M. Detweiler, of this office, disappeared from his home on Monday, the 5th of June, in a mysterious manner; and as no clue to his whereabouts has been obtained, it is supposed that he has accompanied some of the soldiers to their homes. He is twelve years old, has light hair, cut close, and is small for his age. Any information in regard to him, sent to the *Chronicle* office, Washington, D. C., will be gratefully received by his afflicted parents.

Editors copying this notice will confer a favor.—*Washington Chronicle.*

☞ A HARD HEAD.—An old gentleman was relating a story of one of your "half-horse, half-alligator" St. Lawrence boatmen. Says he: "He has a hard head, for he stood under an oak in a thunder-storm, when the lightning struck the tree, and he dodged it seventeen times, when finding he could not dodge it any longer, he stood and took nine claps in succession on his head, and never flinched."

☞ At a fashionable dinner eat slowly—as a matter of *course*.

☞ Ride as we will on the swiftest billow of to-day, we are never out of sight of yesterday.

☞ The bees never have the small-pox, because they are a waxy-nation.

☞ To be proud of learning is the greatest ignorance.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865.

Terms: Cash in Advance.

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☞ Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, (postage paid by us,) twenty-five cents.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents* in addition to the annual subscription, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage on their magazine.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

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The paper or magazine will be sent to different post-offices if desired. The names and money should be forwarded as rapidly as obtained, in order that the subscribers may begin to receive their papers at once, and not become dissatisfied with the delay. When the whole amount of money is received, the Sewing Machine will be duly forwarded. The Clubs may be composed of subscribers to both periodicals if desired.

☞ In all cases the Machine sent will be the regular WHEELER & WILSON'S No. 8 Machine, sold by them in New York for Fifty-five Dollars. The Machine will be selected new at the manufactory in New York, boxed, and forwarded free of cost, *with the exception of freight.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Respectfully declined. "Helpless;" "Our Back Pay;" "Little Maud."

"EVE ISLE"

This story, commenced in the last number of the "Post," is one of the most absorbing which has been offered to the public in a long time. From first to last, it is replete with mystery and romance, often leading us into regions of beauty that are entrancing. To the many readers of the "Post," who have always found interest and amusement in its pages, we can safely promise a treat in "Eve Isle," the strange, wild, beautiful creation of one of the most gifted pens in America.

FLORENCE PERCY.

It seems that certain persons have called into question the authorship of that very beautiful and popular poem, "Rock Me To Sleep"—alleging that they themselves are "Florence Percy," and the writers of the poem in question.

Now as we happen to know all about this poem, we think it only fair to set the matter right. "Rock Me To Sleep" was first published in the SATURDAY EVENING POST in June, 1860. It was sent to us by a regular correspondent of THE POST, who always signed herself "Florence Percy," but who was a Miss E A. Chase, of Portland, Me., and is now Mrs. Elizabeth A. C. Akers, of Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Akers is not only the author of "Rock Me To Sleep," but of numerous poems of unusual merit. In fact we doubt whether any lady in America has written finer poetry. We cannot stand patiently by, and see these base attempts to rob her of her fame; about the only reward she has ever received for her literary labors. H. P.

OUR DEAD PRESIDENT.

Tributes of honor to the life and deeds of Abraham Lincoln do not fall away or cease with the passage of time. With the tears of grief still wet upon our cheeks, we stand up and speak, or listen to that which was noblest of him, seeing by the gleam of light through the "pearly gates" as he passed through, that which before was dim and but half understood.

The Hon. Leonard Myers in a memorial address before the Union League of the Thirteenth Ward, speaks of him with the tenderness and sincerity of one who could appreciate his worth, and our common loss; and as we never weary of recalling all that concerned the life of our martyred President, we take a few extracts best fitted to express his estimation of the man:—

"Great occasions call forth the qualities of true greatness. Genius frequently calls opportunities for itself but adversity is the crucible which tries men, and when the storm comes and the waves run high and the passengers begin to despair, the quiet faith, and bravery and skill of him who guides the vessel through in safety marks him distinguished among his fellow-men.

"Such a one was Abraham Lincoln. His life covering nearly all of the present century, he stands in moral grandeur the foremost man of his time.

"The past four years have been years of sad realities, of almost incredible romance too. The stride of a century was not expected to do so much. More history has been crowded into them than will be told in tenfold their time."

* * * * *

"It has been urged that Mr. Lincoln was too conservative, too slow to act. In his own words, willing to adopt new views 'so fast as they appeared to be true views,' he claimed to have been controlled by events, not to control them, but having decided once, he was firm as the rock.

"Read his masterly letter to the Illinois Convention:—'The Proclamation as law either is valid or is not valid. If it is not valid, it needs no retraction. If it is valid, it *cannot be retracted any more than the dead can be brought to life.*' And again, in his message to Congress, he declared that if its sacred promise was to be retracted, *another, and not he,* must be found to do the deed."

* * * * *

"Let it not, then, be said that any body of men withdrew him from obscurity to confer their honors on him. By his own untiring energy—by his sagacity and knowledge of human nature—by his professional acquirements—above all, by his purity of purpose, and the high promise of his manhood—he had lifted himself gradually upward, and they found him near the topmost rung of the ladder. He came up to the Jeffersonian standard—honest and capable.

"No death had ever so stricken a nation. Civilization still stands aghast at the foul wrong, 'the deep damnation of his taking off;' and two continents mourn above his grave.

"I remember well on his first nomination, a friend wrote me from Illinois, 'Mr. Lincoln is more beloved than any man in this state.' What was then a river became an ocean. The instincts of the popular heart rarely err. Men knew him as 'Honest Abe.' Straightforward, candid, always truthful, he was widely sought as an advocate, for juries were in the habit of believing him; and so when the arena grew wider, the people were his jury. He communed with them, and generally won the verdict. This was no mere effect, but from the very essence of his nature."

* * * * *

"The last order he gave on that sad 14th of April was for the discharge of a rebel prisoner on his taking the oath. The request was endorsed by a distinguished member of Congress, then Senator, to which Mr. Lincoln added, 'Let it be done.' And then he told him a beautiful story of some children who went to an island to gather flowers, and how one, in being carried over, had slid gradually into the stream, and how he at first had refused their requests, but his feet had touched the water, and now when peace seemed so near, and everything looked bright, he could refuse no longer, but was being borne along in the stream too. Even then, when his heart was filled with pardon, the coward plot of those for whom it throbbed had culminated, and his feet were already laved by the waters of eternity."

* * * * * *

"The world contains no like record. A whole people stricken in the midst of the joy of victory and peace to the innermost depths of grief. Rags suddenly draped, the song of triumph hushed. Such sorrows never before trembled along the electric wire.

"They took him back to his home in the West by the route which but little over four years since he traversed amid the shouts of a people; they laid him in the great Hall of Independence here reverent, while from the belfry above the solemn dirge floated away into the night; and ever as he was borne onward to his resting-place, through pageants of unutterable woe, millions came quietly out to gaze upon his bier, or catch a glimpse of that dear face, and women laid flowers upon his coffin, and strong men wept like children.

"Time may mellow the grief, but the gratitude of a nation will endure forever. Those who were dear to him must be cared for by his countrymen. Above all, let his death waken us to a new life, that henceforth treason shall be branded—a crime without a name—never in another generation to disgrace the land, and when public virtue, and unsullied honor, and high principle need a synonym, let us remember ABRAHAM LINCOLN."

THE NATION'S TRIBUTE TO ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Compiled by B. F. Morris. Published by W. H. & D. H. Morrison, Washington, D. C. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Brazilian Holidays—Padre Beggars—High Festivals—Marriages—Funerals—A New Saint.

Every Bible saint who was ever recognized anywhere on earth finds recognition in the Brazilian calendar. Besides these, they have in this South American Catholic empire, a great many saints of comparatively modern manufacture—some fifteen, I think, of whom are native Brazilieros, and all held in high reverence, so that in the aggregate there are fifty-six holy or saint days, about twenty-five of which are marked on the calendar—*Dea no trabalho*, (day of no work,) which seems to be an unnecessary notification, considering how averse the majority of Brazilians are to labor on *any* day.

In all the larger coast cities and the capitals of provinces the prohibition against labor on saint days is very generally, if not particularly religiously respected, while in the *campo*, and most of the provincial towns, trifling regard is paid to the ecclesiastical edict against saint day labor. The master, or mistress—young senors and senoras do not work, it is true, any more on a saint than they do on any other day. But the slaves and *peons* are kept busy as usual, though a whole day's labor of one of these will scarcely amount to the legal breaking of the Sabbath in any Christian country. The markets, stores and shops are always open—as much on a saint day as on Sunday, and as a general thing trade is better on these days than any other. Even in localities where the *dea santa* is observed the most religiously, any one may have a *prestique* or permission to work as noisily as he will, by applying to the *delegado* or local magistrate and paying one mil reis—fifty cents for the dispensation. I have seen a gang of a hundred and thirty mechanics let loose to hammer and bang and pound away in public at a cost of only a half dollar for the whole lot.

On several of the first-class or higher saint

days—as Purification, Good Friday, Ascension, St. Johns, All Saints, &c., the ecclesiastical display in most of the cities and many of the larger towns is both interesting and imposing. If there be several churches in the place, each one contributes its quota of statued saints and showy paraphernalia, and its *attaches*, both lay and ecclesiastical, come out in procession, all covered with flowing mantles the color of the particular patron saint to whom their church is dedicated—as St. Jose—Blue, St. Miguiel—Red, San Pedro—Purple, Santa Martha—White, and so on to the end of the saints and colors.

When the grand procession is formed the order is as follows:—First, bands of music—then the military. Next after the soldiers come the high functionaries of the church attended by beautiful little boys swinging brazen censors of burning incense. Then comes the grand feature of the procession—First, Mary, the Virgin Mother, seated on a magnificently decorated throne, clad in lustrous blue satin, sparkling with jewels, and bearing in her arms the infant Saviour. Throne, saint, Saviour and gilded canopy are borne aloft on the shoulders of lay members of the church. Following the Virgin, comes next in order St. Matthew, and following in Catholic order come the other eleven of the disciples, all standing erect, as large as life, and a great deal more natural, according to the Brazilian idea of apostolic life. These are also all richly clad and covered with beautifully fringed and decorated canopies. Following in the rear of the saints come the laymen members of the various churches distinguished by their individual colors—blue, red, yellow, white, orange, &c., and in the rear of these come brigades of boys, all bare-headed and wearing the various church uniforms, the whole procession forming a spectacle truly grand and imposing, particularly at night, with each member of the array bearing a blazing torch.

Although the Roman Catholic religion is the universal rule throughout the country, there are very few of the regulations and restraints imposed upon the people in the observation of church rites and duties that we find prevalent in other Catholic countries. There is no general restriction from meat during Lent, or on Fridays, no tithes or levies for church rates, no taxes or compulsory obligations of any kind, and so far as freedom in religious matters is concerned, the Brazilian is quite as free from all constraint or restraint either, under his easy Catholic yoke, as if he had no acknowledged religion whatever.

The *padres* are always consummate beggars, but as they go very quietly and gentlemanly upon their mission of alms seeking, padre begging never becomes a nuisance, or much of an inconvenience. A priest sets out in the morning, bare headed, wearing the distinguishing livery of his church and bearing in his hand the richly wrought golden plate on which he gathers his religious revenue, he goes quietly along, holding out right and left his plate, saying simply to each one, "*por San Yose*," San Juan, Santa Marie, &c., i. e., merely naming the particular Saint for whose benefit he is abroad. If you are disposed to give anything, very well; if not, there is no importuning. The priest passes on his way and you do the same.

There is one feature of this itinerant money gathering that exhibits a very just conception of human characteristics on the part of the collecting padres. Their practice is to make a silent, but powerful appeal to your pride. Upon starting out on their mission, they deposit on the plate a gold coin as a standard of contributions. Seeing only gold on the plate, your pride revolts at the idea of silver or copper coin, and if you give at all, down comes a half, or quarter ounce in the precious yellow metal. A great many of the middle and poorer classes do contribute in silver and copper coin, but the shrewd *padre* always slips that kind of material off the plate, into the convenient bag that he carries for the purpose, leaving always only the golden bait exposed to tempt gudgeons with.

On High Festival occasions, as Ascension, St. John's, and All Saints'—(*dea Todas Santos*,) when all the Brazilian world—ecclesiastical and secular, are abroad, contributing to the church is universal. The pomp and display of church processions brings out religious enthusiasm, as with us, military parades does patriotism, and there being shrines and receptacles for coin convenient at every corner and crossing, the flow of gold is generous and continuous throughout the day, and until late at night. I have often wondered that the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the empire should not have thought in their wisdom of establishing a dozen or so more High Festival days.

The celebration of the marriage rite in Brazil has its peculiar characteristics, as well as almost every thing else they have or do.

I remember distinctly many of the main features of the last wedding I ever attended in the empire, a brief description of which will serve to give a just and general idea of the manner in which Brazilians do up their getting married. I would not be understood that all the features are the same upon all occasions—only that the general economy of the thing is set forth.

The ceremony occurred in the sandy city of Rio Grande de Sul, and the parties were as respectable and highly connected as any other persons in the province. Senora Zebalina—a pretty name for a pretty girl—don't you think so? "Yes." Well, listen a moment. Perhaps *Zebalina* will not sound quite so sweetly, when I whisper to you that properly Englished, it is—*Muskrat*.

Well, Zebalina Pastor was a Brazilian beauty, an heiress, and second daughter of an ex president of the province. Senor Jose Carlos Alsogare, the bridegroom, was as fine looking, as rich and respectable as his bride, and the nuptials would be a something out of the way, high festival in Rio Grande.

All day the mansion of Senor Pastor, the bride's father, was wide open to all comers, and the feasting and flow of wine was continuous.

At eight o'clock in the evening the bridal procession was formed in the street—four hundred of us, I should think, paired off, male and female, all in our best—and some of it, permit me to assert, was pretty good, considering that there were bright eyed Senoras about me who must have borne upon their persons the value of thousands of dollars in satin, lace and jewels. Every one of us bore a bridal torch, quite half of which were dead quenched, for it was raining just about as hard as it ever poured down any where on this earth. And there we were, bare-headed and soaked like swabs, paddling in the wet sand—there was no mud, that was some comfort—waiting the word to go.

In front was a brass band, and then out came Padre Anselmo—a jolly, rollicking jewel of a priest, held in a perpendicular nearly, by two stout assistants—for Padre Anselmo had been celebrating in advance so frequently, that left to himself he couldn't have hit the broad side of the cathedral, whither we were bound, to save his soul. The groom and bride came close after the priest, fell into line after the music—*clang—crash—bang!* blasted the brazen abominations, and off we went, tramp, tramp, through pouring rain and slumping sand to the cathedral, eight squares distant.

The ceremony was something protracted, and jumbled up with funeral services and christening babies, on account of Father Anselmo's frequently running off the track, and losing the run of things. But he got through with it at least in a fashion that we guessed would hold well enough, and then out and off we went on a tramp again through rain and sand, and through a circuitous route that more than quadrupled the direct distance.

My partner was a superb little Portalegrenze beauty, brilliant in person, and ten times more brilliant in her display of flashing diamonds, and jewelled robe of —— satin, that had been spotless that day, but ridiculously spotted that night; a full half yard of it trailing in the sand.

Some how, when we were half way back to Senor Pastor's, one of my long, cavalier's spurs got fast hold of Senora Isabelita's train, and wouldn't let go, and the consequence was we got into an interminable twist and tangle, and went down hugging each other as if it were us who had been just married. Half-a-dozen couples or so, of those who came next, would I suppose have walked over, only they stumbled against us, pitched headlong, plunging their noses into the sand, until there was a respectable pile of us wedding revellers floundering and feeling our way out of the miscellaneous tangle.

We got into marching order again after awhile, with little personal damage to any one, and on we tramped again, everybody hilarious, until we finally reached Senor Pastor's, where we poured in until every inch of space everywhere was occupied by wedding revellers all dripping like water rats, and—*such* looking silks, satins, lawns and laces, and vests and pantaloons. Perhaps your imaginations may supply a picture this pen cannot. That is positive.

However, very little we cared for external appearances. We were celebrating a Brazilian wedding. That was our specialty. So we whooped, and *vivad*, and took wine all round, and got glorious, and everybody embraced and kissed everybody else indiscriminately, and the bride, Dona Zebalina—Well, she was pretty and rich and sweet—but after all I don't believe I should have been quite willing to accept such a subdued, water soaked sample of womanity as a free gift.

There is little more of solemnity in a Brazilian funeral than there is at their weddings. The corpse is usually dressed, and made to appear as life-like as possible—young people of both sexes often having cheeks and lips painted and eyes wide open, and are thus laid out for public inspection for three or four days, with tall wax candles burning by them continually, everybody chatting and cheerful, and not a mourner or a symbol of woe anywhere that I was ever able to discover. The body is conveyed to the cemetery in an open box, something like a coffin—more like a trough—and instead of being put into the earth like the corpse of a Christian, it is *chucked* out of the trough feet foremost into a sort of oven in the thick wall. Quick lime is then shovelled in enough to cover the corpse, and the mouth of the oven is bricked up. There the remains lie six months, and then, unless the friends make some other disposition of it, the bare skeleton is dragged out of the hole, pitched into some out of the way corner among other like rubbish, and the oven is open for another tenant.

While discussing Brazilian saints and saint days, it escaped my mind to mention the circumstance of the Rio Grande ecclesiastics having accidentally added a new saint to their list.

They were celebrating St. John's Day in Rio Grande with all the usual pomp and enthusiasm; and a select party of us—French, English and American, had been celebrating through the day, with all our might, and might perhaps have been a trifle enthusiastic along towards the termination of the festivities.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night, the streets were filled with people; vast bonfires, burning at intervals, lighted up the town like mid day, and hundreds of people were crowding about the shrines, and boisterously shouting—

"Viva San Juan!"

It would have been death, or worse punishment and Brazilian blasphemy, to have shouted for anybody or anything else, just then. However, one of our party, Captain Harvard, commanding a Boston bark in port, offered to wager Mr. Merry, our Consul, a basket of champagne that he would hurrah for anybody he pleased, and they wouldn't molest him.

The bet was accepted, and directly Captain Harward surged in through the crowd, up to the nearest shrine, and addressed the presiding *padre* in Portuguese:

"Senor Padre—we have in the United States a saint that I should much like to hurrah for." The captain took from his pocket a golden half ounce and laid it in the padre's palm. The coin won, and the priest inquired:

"How do you call your saint, senor?"

"Jackson—*Andrew Jackson*," responded Harvard, looking as grave as St. Luke.

"Very well, senor. You *shall* shout, and we will help you." Then the padre turned to the crowd and continued—

"Senors and senoras, *soldados*, *meninos*, and everybody—listen: In the United States they have a Saint *Jackson*—here is an American who wishes to shout for his saint. He has paid to the shrine a half ounce for the Church of San Juan. Let us shout with him for the North American *Saint Jackson*."

There was a hushed silence of a few moments while the multitude was gathering in its might of lungs, and then there went up from the lips of men and women, girls and boys, negro slaves, mulatto soldiers, laced officials, and cassocked priests, such a simultaneous roar of—"*Viva San Jackson! El Santo Americano*"—such a vigorous yell, as the Rio Grandencios had never given before for any saint. And afterwards at brief intervals, up to midnight, when the festivities were suspended, the cry would burst forth, and ring again through the plazzas, and along the streets—

"*Viva San Jackson.*"

☞ Why does a person that is poorly lose much of his sense of touch? Because he don't feel well.

☞ He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

"Those Old Pictures."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"How queer!" "Odd, isn't it?" "Do see that comb rising so majestically above those puffs!" "Why, Grandma, that never was intended for you," were a few of the many exclamations from a merry group of girls who had gathered round an old picture in a worm-eaten frame over which they were laughing and commenting as they turned it over and over, now one way and then another, while Grandma looked on with an amused smile. It was a painting somewhat defaced by time and dimmed by age, but from the canvass there looked out a sweet, girlish face, one which had the charm of beauty as well as youth. Not more that eighteen years, probably, had flown by, since this had been painted. Glancing from the picture to Grandma's face, I could trace but little resemblance between the embodiment of life and hope which almost spoke from the canvass, and the living original seated in the easy chair before me. Full and plump, with soft brown eyes and hair, was one—wrinkled the face and silvered the head of the other. She was telling the listeners round her about the old dresses, their short, narrow skirts and the cushions worn in the sleeves, making them look like half bushels. The puffs, rolls, and curls she used to wear, years and years ago, when her form was unbent by age, and her step as light as any of theirs.

"Oh, Grandma, why didn't you save some of those old costumes? It would have been such fun to have them to dress in sometimes," said Laura Heywood, leaning her head back and looking up into the old lady's face from her low seat on the carpet. The withered hand was laid caressingly upon the brown curls, and after a moment she said:

"Well, my dear, sister Nancy's clothes are in that chest you could not open in the garret, and you may see them all if you handle them carefully, remembering they belong to the dead. Wait! here are the keys," she said, as they were springing up the stairs, forgetting the portrait and some colored prints which had been resurrected from the depths of a large old-fashioned trunk found among some other antiquated furniture in an unused room. Giving the keys to Laura, she again enjoined her to be very careful, and receiving their promises to put everything back as it was, she came slowly again into her cosy little room, and taking her knitting sat down to make up with double diligence the unwonted idleness of the past hour.

I had not gone with the girls, but was sitting on a low sofa by the window, reading one of Shakspeare's plays, which the merry chatter a few minutes before had interrupted. Soon again I was forgetting all else in my perusal of it, and some time glided by—it may have been an hour—before I again looked up. When I did, a strange sight met my startled gaze. Grandma's knitting work had fallen from her lap, and she was standing in the middle of the room, her hands tightly clasped together, and her eyes bent upon three—could it be?—yes, three pictures instead of the one which had been left there! They were ranged on a low shelf, side by side. The light fell full upon them, and from my seat I could see them very plainly. Two of them were gentlemen. The one with light, wavy hair thrown back so carelessly, and clear, honest gray eyes, was my Grandpa, I knew, for my mother had one just like it; but the other? Who was he? Only the head and shoulders could be seen. The whole background was clouded—light, murky, out of which the well formed head and broad shoulders rose sharply defined. Not an outline lost in the haze behind. It could not be called a handsome face, yet there was something irresistibly fascinating in it, and I involuntarily bent forward, though the whole picture could be plainly seen from where I was sitting. Strange thoughts came to me as I looked. Who was the original of this dark picture? and did those eyes always look so black and glittering as now, when in life? And the hair? Was it never twined by loving hands into little ringlets? Straight as an arrow, and dark as midnight, not a wave could be seen. Parted slightly to the left side, and brushed smoothly behind each ear, it left the square, knobbed forehead and temples bare. A dusky mustache hid the mouth; but the lines of the chin showed that it was firmly closed, and every lineament bespoke power and strength of purpose.

It was a dark, fierce-looking face pictured there, and sent a slight chill through me as I gazed upon it. The style of dress—what little could be seen, was peculiar. And what an odd frame, too, there was around it! A large oval of some dark foreign wood, it seemed formed of slender serpents twining themselves in fantastic knots above the head, below, and at the sides. A more perfect contrast could not have been formed than there existed between those old paintings. Grandpa had long been sleeping beneath the willow trees, just discernible from the windows, and nothing had I known of him, excepting what the old picture told me of a happy youth, a fine looking man called away in his prime. Grandma did not look much like the young face, full of smiles and dimples, which she said was pronounced to be a very striking likeness of her many years ago; but then age had bent her form, Time's ruthless finger had left furrows on cheek and brow, and tears of sorrow had not brightened the once beautiful eyes. But instead of the bright anticipations of the past, there was in the present a placid look as though the trials of life were almost over, and she was only waiting in calm contentment till the angels should meet her at the river side. Was she thinking of this as she stood there? her eyes bent upon the pictures before her, but not seeing them, I was sure, for her glance seemed to be penetrating beyond the vista of years, which had rolled away so noiselessly and left her an old woman. Those years held much for her.

A husband and children were sleeping under the willows, and it may have been thoughts of those loved ones gone to the golden city that cast the slight shade upon that dear, good face now.

Perhaps the sight of those relics of the past was bringing to light many of the scenes which memory had stored away in her gallery, and upon which the dust of years had fallen thick. Days when she thought and cared for little beyond the present and its enjoyment, and the future was a far-off time which held dreams and visions yet to be realized. Now she stood upon the grave of many of those youthful anticipations! Some of them bid fair to prosper and bring forth the promised fruit; but cruel blights fell upon them, and they withered away. Others did bring forth, and made her heart glad, but how few they were! The sorrows overbalanced the joys of her life; but was she thinking of all this? I could not tell. Her face gave not forth the varying thoughts sweeping through her soul. Only still and silent she stood there looking at that strange picture. Perhaps—*perhaps* it was the face of a lost lover. Why had I not thought of that before?

Some one who had gathered the pearls of her woman's nature into his hands and held them there, tenderly, it may be, until compelled by adverse fate to abandon all; or were they rudely thrown aside, or snatched by another. But then that resolute face showed that he would be a formidable rival to any one who crossed his path unwarily. Was he a rejected man, failing in every endeavor to bring forth the low sweet symphonies from the yielding chords, which vainly he tried to produce, and only created harsh discords? Nothing came from his silent picture to tell of the ruin of his life. Now the eyes seemed to have lost their fierce look, and an expression of infinite tenderness took its place. The whole picture seemed larger and growing larger. The serpent frame was in motion. One entwined itself and glided out of the open window, and with dilated eyes I watched the others follow and heard their fall upon the rose-bushes below. The artist's clouds vanished, and from the once picture, a broad-shouldered man stepped out! Quickly my eyes sought Grandma's face, but it was changed. No longer old and wrinkled, it was young and fresh; and white roses, half-bloom, looped up the lace overskirt—showing the tiny pointed slipper—reposed on her bosom, and nestled in those old-fashioned puffs of hair. Leaning forward with eager, extended hands, she was meeting the odd visitant the long gaze uninterrupted; but she was looking up into those magical eyes instead of down upon the ones of the picture. Too fascinated by the strange sight to observe, I did not notice the presence of a third person until a low sigh attracted my attention, and Grandpa was standing where his portrait once stood, looking mournfully upon the two before him. A rather delicate figure, clear, earnest face and sad looking eyes, out of which the sunshine seemed gone for ever was what my eyes fell upon. Yet though there was contrast strong and marked between the two advancing to the girlish figure that once was Grandma, there was nothing which indicated an effeminate man in Grandpa's appearance. But while one look took in all this, the Unknown had taken the little white hands in one of his own, and passing the other arm around her, they slowly rose from the floor upward.

"Edith, oh, Edith!" came a low, plaintive wail below. "Never again to part," was the clear response back, and they were gone.

My strained eyes could not penetrate the mist which had enveloped them, and was filling the room till the air was thick with it, and darkness settled over me. I could not breathe.

My head seemed lying back on some soft support, and I knew I opened my mouth vainly for air, but none came.

A heavy weight was upon my chest, and the remembrance of a tale I had read somewhere of the prince of darkness seating himself upon an unfortunate person's body and crushing him to death, came over me.

Perhaps some of those weird phantoms had come back and discovered me; for bony skeleton fingers seemed passing over my face, stretching my throat, their mouldy lips gibbering in my ears with a horrible feeling of being entirely at their mercy. It seemed as though endless ages were passing over my head. Shakspeare's witches danced in and out before me, and ensanguined beings came to tell me my fate, with the terrible things yet to come. I thought of my blessed home and my mother, and again struggled frantically for air, and then exhausted, sank back motionless. I heard a far off voice say: "Get water." Whatever I was resting upon gave way and I was falling, I thought. A chill sensation pervaded my whole being, making every nerve to thrill with the shock—and I opened my eyes upon a frightened group gathered round me, and but dimly discerned at first Laura, armed with a huge basin of water, out of which I was being profusely sprinkled, and the pale faces of all the others indicated quite a fright. Grandma's gentle tones, however, brought my senses back, and I shaking the damp hair from my face, sat up to tell her what was the matter. I had been asleep and dreaming for almost an hour, though years seemed to have gone by in that short time; and while lying there, had taken fresh cold in addition to what I already possessed, and making my sufferings apparent at last by low moans. Grandma had tried to waken me—but the wild flutterings of my heart and gasps for breath, made her think me dying; and in affright the whole household had been summoned, and water dashed upon my face to bring me to life, as they supposed. It was quite a tableau—guests, domestics, and the whole family, grouped promiscuously round the sofa. But the strangest part was yet to come.

After order was restored and the room quiet again, I told Grandma of the pictured face I had seen. Putting her elbow upon the arm of the easy chair in which she had insisted upon my being placed, she leaned her head upon her hand and listened intently to my description of it. When I ceased speaking, she, without a word, rose and unlocked the upper drawer—which I never had seen opened—of a curiously wrought bureau, took out something and laid it on my lap. *There* was the face which had haunted my dreams; and I sat and gazed upon it in unutterable amazement. Everything just as I had seen it in another state an hour ago, and my wondering eyes, if my lips did not, asked for an explanation.

"That is a picture of my brother Dunbar, your uncle. It was sent to me just before he died. He was lost on the ocean," said she, a dry sob stopping her utterance. "He was a very impetuous boy, and inherited all my father's resolute nature. As a man, he tried to control his temper; but sometimes it would break forth in all its violence, and he could not forgive injustice. Our mother was taken away when I was but sixteen and he twenty. Then there was no one to make peace between father and son. One evening, after a sharp rebuke given him, he came and kissed me, saying good-bye."

"'Little Edith, I some day may come back to see you,' and was gone.

"Four years passed drearily away; then came this picture to me; and the next year he was shipwrecked. Clinging to a spar, he drifted over the wide ocean; and just as Nature was severing the ties between the spirit and weary body, he was picked up by a whaling vessel. He thought of his little Edith in death, and told them his name, and to tell me good-bye—then died."

The tears rained down the withered cheeks, and mine fell from sympathy.

"But it's very strange to me that your dream should be of him, as you say you do not remember ever seeing this;" touching the twisted frame with her knitting needle. "And how could you have dreamed of it then?"

"I do not know indeed," was my answer.

"For," continued she, "I never showed it to anyone of late years, though every night I kiss him before I sleep. Many would think it a wicked face, but it's not. It is only my own dear Dunbar, my darling brother, who loved his little Edith with all the strength of his nature, and never forgot her even in death."

"But," adding, as a sudden thought struck her, "you may have seen it when a little child, and though forgetting it all, there may have been an impression left upon your mind, which after long years was reproduced with such startling vividness. Yes, it may have been." So was her musing continued, but her face soon became radiant as she half murmured to herself, "some day not far distant our spirits shall be united, and together we will ascend to Our Father."

☞ The steamer Golden Rule, of the New York and Nicaragua line, was wrecked on the 30th ult., on the Roncador reef, 35 miles from Old Providence Island. She had 620 passengers for San Francisco, all of whom were saved.

☞ The Length of a Call.—A convention might be held to decide upon the length of a call—how much etiquette requires to be made, and how much good judgment shall withhold. Emerson thinks that friendly calls should be strictly limited to ten minutes. Those that are not friendly, but merely designed to dawdle away an hour in frivolous conversation, could be dispensed with altogether. Calls upon editors should not exceed five minutes in length, unless you are particularly requested to stay longer.

☞ One of our leading Western merchants, unfortunately, is every year or two led away by the wiles of King Bourbon, and when his periodical fits come on, is wont to shut himself up in a room over his store "to sleep it off." On one of these occasions he gave his partner special orders not to allow any one to go into his room; "but," said he, hesitating, "if my wife comes down you may let her come in—*she's a particular friend of mine!*"

☞ A Scotch woman having invited a gentleman to dinner on a particular day, he accepted, with the reservation, "If I am spared." "Weel, weel," said Mrs. Robinson, "if ye're dead, I'll not expect ye."

☞ When particular pains are taken to bring great men together, their talk is generally poor. The greatness of each is kept back and every feible appears prominent, as if the Olympians should meet to exchange snuff-boxes.

☞ "My gracious!" exclaimed an urchin in New York, on beholding an English carriage with three footmen in livery, "well, if it don't take three British to make one nigger!"

☞ When a woman has ceased to be attractive by her simple symmetry of *form*, she may be fascinating by her sweet womanhood.

☞ What bank officer does he who boasts of being kissed by a pretty girl resemble? The receiving teller.

☞ It is difficult to say what sort of ears fame most loves to blow her trumpet—whether to deaf ears or to long ones.

☞ When is a young lady like a poacher? When she has her hair in a net.

☞ To make ingrates, you have only to confer obligations.

☞ Why is a favorite singer's voice like a crown? Because it's replete with precious tones.

☞ What is the French for sleigh-horse? *Cheval de "freeze."*

☞ A coward may fight; a coward may even conquer; but a coward can never forgive.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The market for Flour is dull and drooping; the week's sales reach about 7000 bbls at $6@6,50 for superfine, $6,75@7 25 for extras, $7@8,50 for low grade and good extra family, and $9@16 for fancy brands. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are quiet; sales of the former at $5 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—The demand for Wheat have fallen off, with sales of 22,000 bus at 175@180c for choice reds, and 200@220c for white, leaving off at 175@180c for reds, the latter for Delaware. Rye has declined; sales at 85@90c. Corn; sales at 85@90c for damaged and 95@98c for prime yellow. Oats, about 25,000 bus have been disposed of at 68@72c for Penna and Delaware.

PROVISIONS—The market for the Hog product generally is firm; sales at $27@28 for Mess Pork, and @14@20 for plain and extra Mess Beef. Beef Hams are held at $30 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of 100 pkgs, mostly Hams, at 19@15c, the latter for fancy bagged, and 16@17c for Shoulders. Green Meats—1500 pkgs sold at 18½@20c for pickled Hams, and 14@14½c for Shoulders, in salt. Lard is selling at 17@19½c for bbls and tcs, and 20@22c for kegs. Butter is selling at 18@22c for good and prime packed, and 25@30c for choice Goshen. Cheese is steady at 14@17c ₩ lb. Eggs are selling at 28@30c ₩ doz.

COTTON—The market has been unsettled and lower. The week's sales foot up about 600 bales, taken in lots, at 38@43c for middlings.

BEESWAX—Yellow is worth 45c ₩ lb.

COFFEE—A few small sales are reported at 21½@22c for good Rio, and 22c, gold, for Laguayra.

COAL is unsettled, and nominally held at $5@6,50 ₩ ton on board at Richmond.

FEATHERS—Sales 6,000 lbs Western at 50c ₩ lb.

FRUIT—Apples are lower, with sales at 7c ₩ lb. Green Fruit is beginning to arrive more freely.

HAY is selling at $20@22 ₩ ton.

HOPS—Sales limited at 25@45c ₩ lb.

IRON—There is rather more inquiry for both Pig and Manufactured Iron. Sales of 1500 tons Anthracite at $27@30 for forge and $30@35 for foundry, chiefly at the latter figure for good No. 1.

LUMBER is unchanged; White Pine ranges at $28@29; Yellow Sap $25@26; and Lehigh Hemlock Boards at $18@20. Hemlock rafts are selling at $13@15 ₩ M.

MOLASSES—Sales of 500 hhds, mostly Trinidad, are reported at 47@48c.

OILS—Petroleum is less active. Sales of free Refined at 71@73c. Bonded Oil is firm at 52@53c, and crude at 33@34c.

PLASTER is dull at $3,50.

SEEDS—There is no Clover or Timothy offering. Flaxseed is selling at $2,30@2,35 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—Brandy and Gin are quiet. N. E. Rum sells as wanted at 230@235c. Whiskey—Sales 600 bbls, in lots, at 206@210c for Pennsylvania and Western, chiefly at 206@208c.

SUGARS are firm. Sales 1000 hhds Cuba at 7¾@8¼c for refining and good grocery qualities; about 500 bbls sugar-house sold at 11c, currency, and 18@19c for refined.

TALLOW is firm at 10¾@10¾c for rendered.

WOOL is unsettled and lower; the week's operations are confined to small lots fleece and pulled at 60@70c for the former, and 75@78c for the latter.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1300 head. The prices realized from $12,00 to 16,00 ₩ 100 lbs 210. Hogs at from $11 to 12,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—4000 head were disposed of at from 6 to 7 cts ₩ lb. 110 Cows brought from $35 to 50 ₩ head.

LINES.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY FRANCES HENRIETTE SHEFFIELD.

"I charge thee to remember,
What thou would'st most forget."

Yes go! but oh! remember still
What thou would'st most forget;
Go weep in bitterness, though none
Shall see those proud eyes wet.

Go! from thy dreams of broken vows
Shall cold, dim phantoms start,
To swell the gloomy corridors
And chambers of thine heart.

Farewell, false one! no malison
I breath upon thy name;
God grant that thou may'st never wake
To everlasting shame.

But think not thou forgetfulness
Betwixt our souls to put;
And think not the Eternal eyes
That watch us can be shut.

Farewell! some gentler hand than mine
May yet to thine be pressed;
Some gentler heart its dreams of bliss
Upon thy truth may rest.

But oh! no truer wilt thou win,
Though one that loving less
Shall find what mine hath never found,
Secure its happiness.

Farewell! Go wear the dauntless brow,
Yet be thine eyes oft wet;
I charge thee to remember
What thou would'st most forget.

LUCILE REMBRANT.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLA Z. SPENCER,

AUTHOR OF "ORA, THE LOST WIFE," &c.

(CONTINUED.)

Dr. Thane passed into the house with Lucian, and lingered a moment to speak with his patient, before taking his leave. Lucile remained in the hall until he had gone, and then went to her husband, holding Flora by the hand. As she entered, Lucian retired quickly by another door, and the young stepmother's heart grew lighter, though she understood the art of his manœuvre. He did not wish to restrain Floy's actions, and thus call forth unpleasant explanations with regard to himself. Between this man and his father she wished no ill feeling to arise through her, therefore her joy when he retired and left her in quiet possession of the field.

Floy clambered upon a chair close by her father's side and chattered eagerly, while her new mother prudently forbore to press attentions upon the little lady. She knew that hasty efforts to win would not be wise, and as soon as she could do so, she gently took the child's hand and spoke lovingly.

"Will Floy come with mamma now? Papa is ill and weak, and his little daughter loves him too much to weary him. Will you spare me a little while, dear? I want to see that our pet has a nice supper before she goes to bed."

"O, yes; go, my love. Floy is a guest almost, and we must not neglect her claims," he answered, playfully. But his eyes beamed with affection, and dwelt almost adoringly upon her as she led Flora from the room, chatting to the child in her sweet, cheerful voice.

While Flora was eating her bread and milk, Lucile sat down beside her, dropping here and there a little caress, which touched the child's heart sensibly. With her great eyes fixed upon her face, she asked, with the directness for which most children are accredited,

"What makes you so good to me? You won't care anything about me?"

"Why not? Papa told me you were a very sweet little girl, and he was sure I should love you. Besides, he gave you to me for my daughter, and I want you to care a great deal for me. So, of course, I must love you. He says you will never be naughty, and I don't think you will. You look like a good child."

She said the words with a sweet, bright smile, looking straight into Floy's eyes.

"Brother said you would not like me at all, and that it would be only make believe, if you said so," continued Flora, doubtfully, in remembering her lesson.

"Ah, that was because he did not know how dear little children are to me."

"But he said that you would not like to be troubled with little girls, and that you did not care for him nor papa either. He said that all you did care for was papa's money and this beautiful place, with fine dresses and jewels," and Flora's face was more than ever distrustful. Lucile lifted her handkerchief to conceal the scornful curve of her lip in the thought of the pitiful attempt to poison the child against her. Still speaking gently, she asked again, after a moment's pause,

"Did he really tell you all this, Floy? If so, he must have told you not to tell me anything about it."

"O, he did," cried Floy, quickly; then she stopped suddenly and colored crimson, dropping her eyes to the table cover in confusion.

"Never mind, pet. I will not tell him that you told me, because you forgot yourself. But I want to make you to remember something. Can you?"

Flora's eyes met hers once more questioningly.

"Do you love your papa very much, Flora?"

"Yes, indeed! My dear, dear papa!" and her little voice rang with the enthusiasm of her feelings.

"Then I must tell you that you must never let your papa hear you speak of what your brother said to you about me. It would hurt his feelings very much, and make him angry with Lucian. You know that would be very sad, and your papa is too sick to be troubled. Dr. Thane says if we trouble him much he may die, and that would be fearful. Will you remember this, Floy?"

The little girl's eyes grew humid with quick tears.

"Oh, no, not papa! Papa won't die, will he?"

"Not if you are very tender with him, I hope," answered the young wife, but her voice faltered. "Look at me, Flora, and promise me to try to remember what I have told you."

"Yes I will," answered the child. "Indeed, I won't forget again. She pushed away her cup to leave the table. Lucile took her hand, drew her close to her bosom and kissed her tenderly.

"Jane may take you up stairs now, my darling, and in a little while I will come and hear you say your prayers. I will tell you something when I come."

As she crossed the hall, Lucian's form disappeared through the front door. He had evidently been within hearing all the time, but she paid little heed to it. She had her plans, and being fixed by pure motives against evil ones, she did not fear for their success. Yet, as her little charge sprang up the stairs, accompanied by Jane, her hand stole wearily to her brow, and a bitter regret passed her lips lowly.

"Oh, that childhood should so early be forced to concealment, and that *I* should seal its lips. But it is not for myself—only for *his* sake, and the sake of one who does not deserve such mercy at my hands. Ah me! this weary world!"

She went back slowly to her husband's room, dropping her sadness at the threshold that she might carry smiles into his presence. In answer to his questions she gave him a cheering account of how she was progressing in his daughter's favor, then after assisting him to his chamber and ringing for John, Mr. Rembrant's valet, she went to Flora again according to promise.

Dismissing Jane, Lucile sat down by the little white couch where Flora lay with her silken brown curls scattered over the soft, snowy pillow. As she repeated her prayers, her hands held lovingly by the tender hands of her stepmother, there was a sweet confidingness in her tones which made Lucile's heart throb hopefully. Following up the impression she had made on the child's mind, she said softly when the prayer was ended,

"Now I will tell you what I promised down stairs. And it is all about myself, to show you how little people can know of what others feel. Lucian tried to make you believe that I would not love you because little children are troublesome. But he did not know how much I can love them. Once I had a sweet little boy, with bright blue eyes, and curly brown hair like yours. He had a sweet little mouth too, and when I kiss you it makes me think of his little red lips pressed to mine. He used to climb upon my lap and put his plump, pretty arms round my neck, and say the sweetest words to me in his baby voice. Oh, Floy, don't you think I must have loved that darling little boy; and don't you think I must have felt terribly unhappy when God took him away? I knew that he went away to live with the angels, but I could not think of them all the time. Every day my thoughts would go out to where there was a little grave under the trees, and I could not help crying bitterly to know that he could not come to me again in the wide world. Once when your papa found me weeping because Charley was dead, he told me that he had a dear, sweet little girl who would love me, and that I might be her mamma. He felt so sorry for me, he wanted to comfort me; and I was very glad to think somebody might take little Charley's place in my heart. Floy, my boy can never come to me any more. Will you be my very own little girl and love me as he did?"

On Flora's hands the warm tears of the grieving mother dropped fast, and in a moment the clinging arms were around her neck with a clasp that thrilled her heart to its depths. She had struck the right cords, and reached the little one's heart by appeals for her sympathy. Lucian's work was undone already, and she felt it, while the child's arms still clung to her, and the soft cheek was pressed to hers with eager earnestness and soothing.

"There, don't cry, mamma. I'll be your little Charley and Floy too, and I'll love you for both. Don't cry any more."

The injunction was enforced with numberless kisses and caressings, responded to with the earnest lovingness of the bereaved mother longing for sympathy. Between the woman and the child in that hour was forged a chain that bound them inseparably. All Lucian's art was powerless to undo the work of the woman against whom he had set himself unjustly. Her victory was complete, and she herself made happier by the love of the pure little heart she had won.

With the deep, yearning tenderness alive and increasing, Lucile sat by Flora until the dark lashes veiled the sweet eyes, and the child slept. Then she kissed her tenderly, lingering over the fair, pure form, reluctant to go away. When she did withdraw she found that her husband had retired and was resting nicely; so she sat down by the window and looked off upon the moonlit hills, while Lucian paced the veranda beneath, and mingled the spicy sweetness that floated up to her with an odor of cigars. Slowly and monotonously his footsteps echoed on the floor, and the red light burned, a tiny, fiery spark at his lips. She sat watching it and wondering what scheme the busy brain was planning, well aware that Lucian Rembrant's mind was seldom at rest or free from schemes—particularly when he walked back and forth as he was doing now.

After awhile he passed out into the shrubbery and sauntered toward the gate opening into the carriage drive. Nearing it she saw a second fiery spot twinkling in and out among the shrubs, and discerned the outline of a figure that looked like Mr. Steadman's.

Lucile's heart gave a sudden bound, and her blood ran with a cold chill through her veins. With the sight of the figure she intuitively recognised as Steadman's, a strong fear that was almost like certainty took possession. Until that moment she had not thought of Lucian in connection with Steadman's villainy; but it now occurred to her that he might be fully in the confidence of the man, and should he learn by any chance that she had anything to do with the matter there would be an addition to the force she was called upon to combat. Having set out with the deliberate purpose of thwarting her, and making her life a torment, he would ask nothing better than a share in this affair where she had become involved to a more than pleasant extent.

The two men locked arms and walked slowly back and forth for nearly half an hour, engaged in earnest conversation. When his companion left, Lucian came back to the house leisurely, and went up to his own room.

Had there been a doubt in her mind as to who the visitor was, Lucian's look and manner the following morning would have gone far to remove that doubt. He was triumphant and in an unmistakably good humor with himself and the world generally. Mr. Rembrant was not able to come down to breakfast, and he was consequently less guarded in his ways than he would have been otherwise, giving her the advantage of judging something of what was passing in his mind.

To all appearances, however, she was extremely indifferent. She did not choose to show any resentment of his manner by look or word, though he indulged in sarcasms, failing to waken ire with compliments, and finally flung out hints which pleased rather than annoyed her, since they were like so much voluntary information.

At length he grew bold and launched out with questions which he thought must put her upon her spirit. A tone of dictation marked them, which he knew she would not bear tamely. This time, however, he had not reckoned upon their results correctly.

"Why do you not return some of your calls, my fair mother? The ladies of Princeton have been really quite indulgent in their leniency. I must insist upon your paying more attention to their claims. You owe them more than you seem to fully appreciate."

"Oh, no; I can understand their condescension, believe me, and am duly conscious of the honors showered over my present pathway. To prove it, I have made up my mind to leave Mr. Rembrant in your care to-day, while I return some of the most important of these calls. *I* propose placing Mrs. Prior as first upon my list, though she is not, perhaps, the leader of the ton. I am greatly interested in her."

She spoke the words with cool, deliberate distinctness, though with no show of hidden meaning. He gave one quick, flashing glance at the calm face, but it told him nothing.

"Indeed? I had not thought that the case. You did not appear greatly interested the other night."

"No; but we often become conscious of interest after seeing a person once, which has not manifested itself in a first meeting. Besides, Mrs. Prior has been to see me since; and as I have to go out, I propose to follow up the acquaintance closely.

This time she met his eye, and knew by its expression, that he was trying to guess what he had to do with the secret in her possession. The little passage at arms was keen and skillful on both sides. Neither would own in so many words, the knowledge that they possessed, yet both understood that the secret was known to each, and that they were to battle against each other for the ends of good or evil. The strongest must win.

He was not satisfied. He would rather have dealt his blows at her under cover of ignorance in this instance, for a time, at least; but seeing it impossible, he set to wondering how she learned his complicity in the matter. He had not dreamed, even if she saw Mr. Steadman, that she would suspect who he was, or guess his object. To have overheard their conversation was impossible, and the keenness of her discernment startled him. It was awkward for him to deal skillfully with his scheme, while those clear eyes were opened upon him—that resolute will opposed to his in the determination to thwart his purposes.

By a series of masterly movements Lucile got him engaged in his father's room, and managed to keep him there all the morning, with no chance of escape. About noon, she came in dressed for calling, to take leave of her husband, and stood chatting cheerfully while drawing on her gloves. When the carriage was announced, she stooped to kiss Mr. Rembrant, nodded to Lucian and went out, leading Floy by the hand, dressed to accompany her.

Standing by the window he saw her enter the carriage and drive away, the smile still upon her lips with which she had gone from his presence; and noting in addition, how his little sister nestled lovingly at her side, he knew himself for once, outwitted beyond dispute.

The book which he took up to read aloud for his father, failed to awaken any interest in the invalid's mind. Lucian's tone was mechanical, hard and dry. Mr. Rembrant soon grew impatient.

"You need not read," he said at length, with some asperity. "What is the matter with you?"

Lucian dropped the volume upon his knee, leaned wearily back in his chair and sighed, passing his hand slowly through his hair, conscious all the time that his father's eyes were on him.

"To tell the truth. I am worried a good deal. I have tried not to be, but I find the trouble grows upon me."

"What is it? Pecuniary difficulties?"

"Oh, dear no?" Quite another matter entirely. But really, my dear father, I can't find it in my heart to distress you with it. After all, Mrs. Rembrant is fully capable of taking care of herself. My over anxiety for you, in your illness, has made me more fearful than the occasion warrants."

"What do you mean?" demanded the husband quickly, all alive now with interest and apprehension. The son saw his advantage, and in dealing under cover once more, was in the height of enjoyment. It was in his power to repay her now for her morning's work in a manner she had not anticipated.

"Nothing, father. Do not let my foolish words disturb you. I am only a silly fellow, and over proud perhaps. It is a weakness of mine to wish the family name preserved spotless. We have hitherto been so fortunate in the preservation of an untarnished escutcheon, the dread of its being tainted now, makes me unreasonable; and I fancy I can see dangers where none really may exist."

"Lucian, you must tell me just what you mean. I insist upon it, where you hint that my honor and that of my wife is concerned. Tell me at once what you would have me understand by your insinuations."

"O, well, if you insist! But it is foolish, and I am sorry I mentioned it at all. There is a certain lady in town whom I suspect to be a little too careless of her actions, and Mrs. Rembrant has taken quite a fancy to her. I was afraid that in following up this fancy, she might compromise herself—that is all. It would be awkward to hear her name linked with any objectionable affair, you know. Had I dared, I would have given her a hint. But I did not, and must beg you not to name me to her in the matter, if you choose to advise her about it. She would only think me officious, and I am not fortunate enough to be a favorite with her, you know.

Mr. Rembrant looked deeply troubled.

"To whom do you refer?" he asked, turning painfully upon his sofa. There was a remembrance in his mind of what Lucile had told him, and how he had refused her the privilege of mentioning names. Now, though the same repugnance to burthening himself with unpleasant secrets, was strong within him, since his son had taken the alarm, it was best that he should know all.

"Father, pray excuse me, but honor forbids that I should mention names. There may be nothing in it, and it would be unfair to prejudice one single soul, even, against a lady who stands high in our social circles. Let the matter drop, only use your influence quietly to keep her out of any close intimacies with ladies she may meet. That is the safest way."

Having done this much, Lucian exerted himself to amuse his father with praiseworthy zeal. But the thorn he had planted in the invalid's mind stung and rankled there until it excited him into a decided fever, and when Lucile returned, she found him tossing restlessly upon the bed. A servant had gone to call Dr. Thane by Lucian's order.

She laid aside her bonnet hastily, her face unmistakably troubled. It had been clouded when she came home; but grew doubly troubled when she saw how her husband suffered. A keen glance at Lucian wakened her suspicions that he had not been guiltless of a share in the change, and a deep indignation seized her. She followed him out into the hall when he attempted to get away.

"What have you been doing to your father?" she asked almost sternly. "Do you not know that excitement may be fatal to his life? If you worry him in any way whatever, it may kill him. Remember this, and look well to your actions, Mr. Rembrant."

Before he could answer, she had turned back to the chamber he had left, and he went down stairs, another dash of cold water upon his internal enjoyments. He had not intended to injure his father, much less to give her a new power over himself.

Instead of driving or riding in the afternoon, as was his custom, he remained about the house, silent and watchful. Dr. Thane came in toward the close of the day again, and he appealed to him for a confirmation of Mrs. Rembrant's statement.

"A severe excitement would be sure to take him away at once," was the answer he received. "The only hope that I can give you of keeping him, even for a time, is in absolute quiet and rest."

Lucian pondered over this uneasily, not that he had any extreme affection for his father. On the contrary, there was a bitterness existing against him which he alone could know—a fierce, jealous bitterness which made him feel at times as if he could have crushed out the frail life between him and his wishes with his own hand. There were some things yet to be accomplished, however, ere he could feel satisfied to see the old man's eyes close, and until his object was gained he must help to hold the frail tenure of life fast on the world.

A day or two passed satisfactorily enough. Mr. Rembrant rallied and improved. Lucian saw it with secret delight and hope; but he did not know what means had been used to restore him, and what power had been taken from himself to sting and torture his victim by the revelations Lucile had made, as she sat by his side in the twilight of that day on which he had struck his first blow at her peace through his father's fears. She suspected Lucian's meddling with the peace of his father, and had herself brought up the subject again, in the hope of setting his mind at rest. She found him eager and anxious for all that she could tell him, and he listened without his former scruples to the story in all its details. But the cloud did not pass away with the close of her recital. He was still restless.

"Pardon me, my dear, if I seem to you unreasonable. But this is a very awkward matter, and I am troubled with having you in it. Why not discard it wholly, and let her take care of herself? You have warned her already, and if she will be advised, there has enough been said. You had better withdraw before it reaches a point to injure you and do her no good. I am loth to have idle gossips make free with your name in connection with a women so imprudent. Sooner or later, something of this will get out. Why should you burthen yourself with her affairs?"

"My husband, I have two good reasons. One you know already. I cannot see a woman sink without offering aid to recover her strength. But there is another, and a somewhat personal one. Can you listen to a rather long story without weariness?"

"Yes. It is better than conjecture."

Lucile rose, pushed the window open wider, so the breeze might fan his fevered face, and again took her place at his side, holding his hand in her soft palms.

"I said that this was a somewhat personal matter. Years ago, when I was yet a young girl, I saw this woman first, then a bride, proud and elated with her new joy. Her family were all noted for their haughty assumption of importance, as I learned to my sorrow when I married her cousin. I was such a child then, and by no means wealthy, the match did not seem a desirable one in their eyes, especially as my husband could not supply the deficiency, and there was little prospect of our becoming a credit to our fashionable relatives. The result was a total ignoring of our existence—a refusal to recognize us, which mortified and stung me beyond measure. That woman was the cause of more suffering to me than I could well explain. My husband's sisters had regarded her as the very pattern of propriety—the perfection of fashionable loveliness, and her fiat doomed me to eternal thrusts from their spiteful displeasure. There was not a day in which I was not reminded of the breach I had made between them and their aristocratic relations, and the reminders were always spiced with sarcasms and open assertions, galling in the extreme to my pride and self-respect.

"Since that time, I have known changes. I have won from the world that which gives me a superior position, and I wish out of my winnings to pay her back the debt I owe. She does not remember me. On the night when we first met, a sense of familiarity haunted her, but she has not succeeded in recalling me to memory. I will not let this woman fall, Edgar. All I ask is to be able to save her, and then let her know to whom she owes her salvation. There can be no unworthy motive in this, and I should feel a keen pleasure in such a requital. Injury I would do to none, however unjust and cruel. Good I may do, even out of revenge, may I not?" and in closing the sentence, she changed her tone and smiled playfully.

The large eyes were regarding her wistfully—almost wonderingly. When he spoke, it was in a hushed tone, and half in musing.

"And you can peril your own good name for one like this—you can fight, if need be, public opinion, to do a good deed for one who has made you suffer so keenly? Knowing your nature, I can easily guess what the pain must have been. My darling, you are far better than I, and you may do what you will unchecked by me. I will keep silent, and you shall act as you you think best. Save her if you can. Since she belongs to you, she is worth the effort."

Lucile bent with a quick, glad impulse, and kissed his cheek. A load was taken from her heart, since he knew all, and she could work with his full knowledge to her ends. She might now come to him for aid and advice if ill threatened her, fearless of the result.

"I thank you, dear Edgar. Now my heart is indeed at rest. I could not bear to conceal this from you—I dared not tell you with the fear that your sense of honor might force you to disclosures which might ruin all. And yet, when I saw you so ill and restless, I thought that something must have recalled the subject to your mind to worry you. Now you must trust me and be at rest."

ONE WORD WITH THEE.

One word with thee—one sweet, yet mournful meeting,
If but to catch again thy low, soft tone,
And clasp thy hand, and feel its warm pulse beating
With love's delicious throb against my own!
If but to catch thine eye, and hear thee say
I will remember thee when far away.

One word with thee—though not of hope or gladness—
On which to muse when we are far apart;
A whisper breathed in silence and in sadness,
To leave a hush forever in my heart.
One word to treasure in my bosom's core;
Whether we meet again, or meet no more.

One word with thee—one brief, yet blissful meeting—
To catch thy voice, where last we met alone,
Whose faintest sigh can set this heart to beating
With thoughts and feelings that it dare not own;
One word of bliss: O God! and can it be
That this may be our last? One word with thee!

School-Room Exercise.

"John, bound the State of Matrimony?"

"The State of Matrimony is bounded on the North by Solitude, on the East by Double trouble, on the South by Soreshins, on the West by Vexation."

"What are its chief products?"

"Peevish babies, scolding wives, hen-pecked husbands, smoked coffee, burnt hams, and sour pies!"

"What is said of its climate?"

"It has a more varied temperature than any other state in existence. In that portion of it called the Honeymoon, the climate is salubrious and healthy—the atmosphere laden with the sweets of flowers of Hymen. In some parts the inhabitants experience a freezing cold reception when they expect most warmth, and in some other parts there is all the burning sensation of the torrid zone. Sometimes a fellow's house in the State of Matrimony, gets too hot to hold him, and strange to say, he travels with all speed, not to, but from the *poles*, where coal is generally supposed to exist."

"Sarah, has John given a correct outline of the State of Matrimony?"

"Can't say, sir—never was in that state. Bill Simpkins gave me an invitation the other day to travel in it with him, and when I return I'll answer the question."

"Well, Sarah, as you seem to be ignorant in geography, I will examine you in grammar. Take the sentence, 'marriage is a civil contract.' Parse marriage."

"Marriage is a noun, because it's a name. And though Shakspeare asks what's in a name, and says that a rose by any other name would smell as sweet, yet marriage being a noun, and, therefore, a name, shows that the rule established by the bard of Avon has at least one exception. For marriage certainly is of very great importance, and being a noun, and therefore a *name*, ergo, there is something in a *name*."

"Good! Well, what is the case of marriage?"

"Don't know, sir."

"Decline it, and see."

"Don't feel at liberty to decline marriage after having made Bill the promise I have. Had rather conjugate."

"Jane, can you tell Sarah in what case marriage is?"

"Yes, sir, it's a very common case, and I would not care if it were a little commoner. And I suppose Sarah won't be married a week before it's in the printer's case."

"Can you decline marriage?"

Jane blushed extremely, and answered:

"Had rather not, sir."

"Well, Sarah, what person is marriage?"

"Second person, sir, because the person you speak to is one who is going to marry."

"What number is marriage?"

"Plural number now, sir, because Bill and I are two at the present time. When the parson ties the knot, marriage will be singular, because the Bible says that twain shall be one flesh."

"What gender is marriage?"

"Common gender, because either male or female may get married."

"Does marriage govern anything, or does it agree with some things?"

"Both, sir. It governs both mankind and womankind, and as to agreeing, it agrees with the world, and the rest of mankind."

"Give your rule."

"My rule is, that Bill shan't grumble if I buy two silk dresses a year, and shan't have but one teaspoonful of sugar to two cups of coffee."

CHARLEY W——, a manly little fellow of five years, fell and cut his upper lip so badly that a surgeon had to be summoned to sew up the wound. He sat in his mother's lap during the painful operation, pale, but very quiet, resolutely shutting back his tears and moans. In her distress, the young mother could not refrain from saying, "Oh, doctor, I fear it will leave a disfiguring scar!" Charley looked up into her tearful face, and said, in a comforting tone,—"Never mind, mamma, *my moustache will cover it!*"

AN IRISHMAN'S TELESCOPE.—A gentleman remarked one day to an Irishman that the science of optics was now brought to such perfection that, by the aid of a telescope, which he had just purchased, he could discern objects at an incredible distance. "My dear fellow," replied the Irishman, "I have one at my house in the County of Wexford that will be a match for it; it brought the church of Enniscorthy so near to my view, that I could hear the whole congregation singing psalms."

QUESTIONING.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY E. A. M.

I.

What manner of dead face
Shall my coffin frame?
"A white mask it shall be
Where ashes are, but no flame."

II.

Ah, that I know full well—
But shall it be
Such an one as from the glass
This morning looked at me?

III.

Or shall it be a face
Writ o'er by years
With a long, woeful tale,
Full of heart-break and tears?

IV.

A few gray hairs perchance
Upon the brow:
A smile of peace I trust
Where is not any now.

V.

And whose tears shall rain down
Upon this face?
It is too sad to think
It may not know such grace.

VI.

A dead face all unwept!
Yet such things be;
And still this thought will come,
"Whose tears shall fall for me?"

Pittsburg, Pa.

The Creole's Vengeance.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

"Good-morning, captain, glad to see a home-like face once more."

A cheery voice and hearty words they were, and I could not forbear a glance from the gallery where I was getting my Barbadian doves.

A tall man with curling white hair and a handsome countenance stood shaking hands with the consul. There was an expression so genial in his frank blue eye and bronzed but ruddy cheek, an intellectuality so noble in his high, wide brow, from which the silvery locks were pushed carelessly away, that the old man won all my heart. Nor was I unwilling to return the sailor shake of the hand he proffered me with equal warmth.

"I tell you what it is," said he, and a radiant good humor seemed bubbling over the rich tones of his voice, "Demerara is an ill-used place. Bless my heart just think of my leaving houses and lands rigged up in snow only two weeks ago, and heaving to in a harbor like this—a claret wine river running away from the ship's keel, and oranges beating about like sailors after a long cruise, willing to be taken in by anybody. My little daughter whom I left on board ship declares it is like fairy land."

"O! captain, have you your daughter with you?" I eagerly asked, "do bring her to the consulate."

He smiled at my impulsive manner, saying:

"To be sure; to be sure, Mrs. Consul, I'll show you a pair of rosy cheeks that the colony cannot match, I'll be bound; she shall come up here this very evening; and as we shall make a stay of several weeks you will probably see both of us often. By-the-way," he added, turning to my husband, "what kind of amusement do they get up here? anything worth seeing?"

A few entertainments were specified, among them a series of concerts given by the young men of the colony, one of which was to take place on the next evening.

"Just the thing!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm; "little sis is fond of good music, and so am I;—and now, Mr. Consul, to business, leaving such trifles as music—and—ahem the ladies (looking round with a mischievous glance) to some future time."

So with much impatience I awaited the coming of the evening, picturing to myself the captain's little daughter, a sweet child of perhaps twelve, with her father's blue eyes, and a profusion of golden hair falling thick and glossily upon a neck of snow. I arranged all my piano forte music, placing the simplest airs first, put marks in my most beautiful pictures, gave a finishing touch to the little elegancies of the centre-table, made several bouquets from a prodigal gift of flowers that had been sent me that morning in a large wooden box, and having disposed them in vases of alabaster, looked hopefully forward to the arrival.

We had watched the last carriage roll by with its freight of English or Creole beauty. The white flounces of the negro belles grew dim in the rapidly falling darkness. Music from a distant band just floated in a slumberous echo, and the song of the Cooley retreated to the faintest distance, when the captain and his daughter made their welcome entrance.

I blushed—I stammered—I *did not* throw my arms about "the child" and kiss her, for, picture my astonishment when I found that "my little daughter," and "sis" was a tall, magnificent young lady, with a stately form, graceful manners, with her father's blue eye, curls of dark chestnut, a cheek of delicate bloom, a look of intellectuality, and withal—a beauty.

Apologizing for my confusion I soon saw in her a charming sociability, and a most gifted soul. She played well, sang well, talked well; and I was fascinated with everything she did.

We sat out upon the gallery. The moon-beams lay in silvery lattice work beneath our feet. Trees, flowers, and fruit shone with rare lustre. It is by moonlight one sees tropical beauty in all its splendor. The captain lounged in a broad West India chair, and now and then as he moved a pearly light lay on his broad forehead, or as the soft breeze swayed it, his hair glittered like the snow. At my side was his daughter, her dress a robe of azure falling over white—one dark rose in her clustering curls.

"Forty years ago," said the captain, pulling from an overhanging branch some fragrant lime leaves, "forty years ago I was in Demerara. Ah! you needn't look so incredulous, Mrs. Consul, I'm an old man but

——'In my youth
I did not put hot and rebellious liquors
In my blood; hence am I in my age
Frosty—yet kindly.'"

"Papa, do tell our friends the story of Emilia Le Garde," said the captain's daughter, looking coaxingly up in his face.

"Pooh, pooh! our friends don't want to hear an old sea-dog tell his long yarns, I know," he replied with a fond glance.

"Ah! but, papa, this is no yarn spun out of romance, but a veritable story, you know, and by Mrs. D.'s eyes I am certain she would be pleased to listen."

"I'll vouch for that, captain," echoed the consul.

And now, reader, imagine me a comfortably seated old gentleman, with a bronzed brow, and cheerful, rugged face while I relate the story as 'twas told to me.

Captain Clinton's Story.

Well, well, 'twas when I was a mere boy, just learning the A. B. abs of manhood, that I came to the city of Georgetown, in Demerara, for the first time. My father in hopes to sicken me of the sea, for which I had an unconquerable love, gave me *carte blanche* and a pocket full of money, and sent me as bearer of dispatches to Liverpool, from whence I came with a party of young officers to this place. My father's position, he being a major in the United States army, gave me the right to distinguished society, and I soon became as gay as the best—or rather the worst. But never mind—my wild oats were sown long years ago. I'll tell you now about a young friend of mine by the name of Bellain. I met him at the governor's ball; we were mutually pleased; and that night entered into a silent compact of friendship for life. He was a handsome, dashing fellow, full of vivacity, brimming with wit, with manners surpassingly winning, and as proud as a Spaniard. He had a peculiar talent for engratiating himself so in the affections, that one was willing to fight even for his prejudices, and maintain them against the world. What he did and what he said seemed every way right, and fortunately for me, who was some years younger, his morals were unexceptionable, and he had a horror of meanness and impurity which was contagious. We became very intimate; in fact romantically so. He confided the most of his secrets to my keeping, and I performed similar favors for him.

And now I warn you beforehand, that the story I am about to tell you will savor of the improbable—I think—nay I am sure you will find it hard to believe, having so little knowledge of me. For if I doubted who was an actual witness of the scene, if I said again and again, striking my forehead, "it cannot be so," assuredly I expect wonder and incredulity from strangers.

Not far from our boarding place, it might be as far as the corner on the opposite side, sat a pretty little one-story cottage, painted white and covered with vines. There lived a quadroon woman in her prime. She had no doubt been beautiful, her complexion was a rich deep brunette, her hair thick and carefully adjusted, her eyes the largest and brightest—at the same time the most wicked I have ever seen. She was celebrated for her wit and her immorality. She dressed magnificently and bore herself with the air and manner of a queen. It was said she had been a slave, but had purchased her own freedom.

"Do you know," said Bellain one day, with a slightly hurried accent, "I take the greatest interest in that woman, Bella Matran? There is magnetism in her glances, and I feel impelled to speak with her."

The quadroon was just then passing. Her full eyes fell upon Bellain; an expression of mingled tenderness, pride and hate flitted across her haughty face. I turned to mark the effect upon Bellain. With an undefinable feeling of horror, I saw for the first time that their faces were counterparts. I said before that my friend was handsome. His eyes were black and flashing, his lips rounder, richer, broader than those of any Englishman I had ever seen, yet beautifully formed. His forehead was low, of a character highly intellectual, and surmounted by the finest and glossiest raven hair.

"Strange," exclaimed Bellain, as she walked gracefully by, "did you not note her expression?"

I remarked that I did, coupling my reply with some trivial speech, and we returned home; I to wonder, he to conjecture.

The time drew near for our departure. We had enjoyed a constant gala day from the hour I touched the shore. More than one gentle heart threw frequent sighs as she heard Bellain's decision that he must go. For in his presence, the harp and the piano were seldom silent. Bellain danced, played, and sang with equal skill, and there was a finish not only about his personal attractions but his accomplishments, not the result of long study or perfect art, but of nature. With his ardent words and glowing face, he made impressions that time alone could efface.

All our arrangements were nearly made. Preserves packed in jars and baskets of rich fruits stood waiting their transport to the vessel, when one morning Bellain came hurrying to my room, exclaiming, as he threw his straw hat from his heated forehead, and flung himself upon a lounge at the open window,

"Clinton, we're not going to sail to-morrow."

"Why so?" I asked hastily, pointing to our accumulated delicacies; "and here is the porter just in time."

"Never mind now, Julius," he said, waving away the coal-black negro. "You stare, Clinton, as if you doubted my sanity, but really I cannot go—and you must not leave me now. I have seen a miracle of beauty. My fate is fixed. She must, she shall be mine;" and rising from his seat he paced the chamber with rapid footsteps.

To me the scene was irresistibly ludicrous, and I could not forbear throwing myself back in my seat and laughing immoderately. He ceased his eager tread, flashed a rebuke from those overpowering eyes, and then catching the infection of my mirth, he too broke out in a fit of laughter.

"It may seem comical," he said, recovering himself, "but I assure you I am in earnest. She came by the steamer."

"Who came by the steamer?" I cried, exploding again. "Have you lost your heart with some handsome creole?"

His brow darkened, flashed to the roots of his hair; his features contracted with something that came like a sudden spasm. I was fearful that I had now angered him in reality, for he turned on his heel and left the apartment.

We postponed our voyage. It was with real reluctance on my part, but his was then the stronger will, that overruled all who came within his power.

Meanwhile, Bellain contrived to become acquainted with the lovely French girl, the object of his sudden yet sincere passion.

Miss Emilia belonged to an old French family. She was a brunette, with a most bewitching countenance. I cannot describe her peculiar beauties farther than to say that her face had at times a pensive, dreary caste, that fascinated exceedingly, and I very soon understood that it would be better for my own peace of mind if I accompanied Bellain on his visits as seldom as possible. The old gentleman, her father, was an officer in the army, very tenacious of "the honor of me family, sir;" and judging men by the outside fineness of their garments, rather than by inate ability of character.

Towards Bellain he always appeared particularly gracious, inasmuch as my friend was also (the only weakness I ever discovered) fastidious in the matter of genealogy, and if that could be possible, outboasted the old French major. Besides his appearance was so eminently distinguished, that he won his way without effort into the old man's heart—or rather I should say pride.

As it was, Major Le Garde seemed willing to throw his only child much in the way of the gallant young Englishman; and the story is soon told. They mutually loved, and with no common passion. It was soon arranged that they were to take the tour of the Continent, together with the Le Gardes, and after a full understanding, and a formal business arrangement with Bellain's rich old father, the couple would be married.

And how happy they were! I have seldom seen two so beautiful as they. On promenade, at church, or among the merry devotees of fashion, where Emilia, in light gauzes and fine fabrics, fixed the admiring gaze, they were distinguished above all the rest. No ill fate seemed to mar the progress of their attachment, and time flew onward over a path of roses.

Again the day of departure was named, and we made ready to leave for England instead of America.

It wanted but a week of the time. I sat one balmy evening, in a little overhanging balcony, through which the pink flowers of the cactus peeped knowingly, and where often that pleasant little fellow the whiskodee chirped me his monotonous welcome. From the open jalousies, I contemplated the white-winged vessels rocking gracefully on the crimson tide. I was musing in a particularly quiet, self-satisfied mood, and not at all prepared for the startling entrance, (I was about to say *entree*, but hang French words when we've a language of our own adequate for all purposes) of my young friend Bellain.

With an exclamation of horror, I sprang from my seat and caught him by the shoulder. "What has happened?" I cried. "Speak, for God's sake, man."

He only glared at me, breathing hard, and clenching his hands, while his nostrils swelled and his eyes flashed fire like those of a maniac.

"Discovered!" he hissed; "disgraced;" and an expression of mingled agony and rage passed over his features. "Clinton—my hopes are blasted—forever. A curse on the blood that runs in these veins;" and he clutched at his wrist as if he would tear the flesh in pieces.

I restrained him with difficulty, my mind harrassed with gloomy forebodings. I reasoned with him, pointing to the servants, who as they passed the open door, were witnesses of his immoderate passion, and succeeded in leading him to his chamber. When there another paroxysm of rage attacked him. His face was livid, his lips bloodless, and until I by dint of soothing and threatening alternately, brought him to reason, his stormy temper led him to the very brink of self-destruction, even in my presence. At last, exhausted and despairing, he fell upon the bed. I placed the loaded pistols, twice disengaged from his hands, in their case, locked them up, and returned to poor Bellain. He lay perfectly quiet, his face covered with his hands; but when I spoke, he sprang from the couch, and began again to walk the floor.

"I am never to speak to her again, never to see her; oh! agony unutterable! Her proud father drove me from the house. And why, do you think?" He advanced and grasped at my arm, hissing beneath his breath the words, "It is because I am cursed with a——mother!" Then he stood white and statue like, glaring at me, to mark the effect of his words.

"You are not the man I thought you, Bellain," I said almost sternly, "if you can lightly speak that cherished name."

"But, look you," and his lips trembled violently, as he exclaimed with sullen emphasis, "she is not as *white* as I am—now do you comprehend? May God do me justice and have mercy on the soul of him who has destroyed me, if I meet him again; she was no wife."

As he said this he staggered nearly to falling; his temples reddened, then the flush died away and left him white and stern again.

"But be calm—be more a man, Bellain," I urged—"seat yourself; you are feverish and nervous; tell me all; it may not be so bad."

"Terrible—terrible;" he ejaculated rapidly, "worse than you think or even dream. You are aware of my singular presentiments towards Belle Matran—good God! Clinton, will you believe it? She is—I can never speak it—my mother! No, no, don't attempt to contradict me, to condole with me—it is useless—it is true; I know it by indisputable proofs! Oh! would I had never been born," he groaned. "You see," he added, in an altered tone, after a moment of silence, "I was taken from her before I was old enough to know her, and educated by my father, an Englishman of rank. I have never seen her since till I came here, and even till to-day I have never known this shocking truth. God pity me; why was I not buried yesterday? then this shame had not fallen upon me. Some few days since, I received a note, written no doubt at the instigation of this woman. I called upon her, little thinking who she was. Maddened by her wrongs, she drew me on, always promising some future revelation. At last she told me I was the son of a native Creole—adding for my particular benefit, other and astounding disclosures—but she did not reveal herself to me.

I gave her money to keep the secret, believing of course that the story was a fabrication intended to open my purse strings. But, oh! heaven—it was too true—too true."

I could hardly look upon him; I pitied his anguish so much that my indignation nearly choked me.

"To day," he continued, mastering himself, "he informed monsieur; the consequence is, you see, *the father is stabbed through the son.* I was his idol; and to-day his idol: but henceforth, so help me heaven, there is no tie between us; and God have mercy on him if we meet."

"You certainly would not require his life," I said, with the air of rebuke.

"I dare not think what I might do. He has ruined me. I am refused, despised by Emilia. I love her to madness; I worship her; I care not if there is not another creature in the world beside her; I am frantic when I think of her."

At that moment a note was handed me. It was for Bellain. His face underwent another and a ghastlier change as I announced it.

"Open it," he murmured, "and if there is—but what can I hope?"

"Hark!" I said, joyfully; "this is noble; it is from Emilia herself;" and I read—

"Dearest Bellain:

"I am still yours. Oceans of ignoble blood should not part us. I love *you*, not your name, your fortune, or your progenitors. Be not rash—I have my mother with me; she pities me, and loves us both. I may meet you once more where you will; there let us make arrangements, *and I will go with you to the end of the world.*

"Yours more ardently now than ever,
"Since misfortune has overtaken you,
"EMILIA."

"Noble, matchless girl," shouted Bellain, as after an incredulous silence he seized the note, and devoured the contents with such a look as a famishing man would regard a repast of tempting delicacies; his handsome face grew radiant again—his frame trembled with this second revulsion from despair to almost the delirium of joy.

"I am too much overcome—how shall I bear this?" he said, and his fine lips quivered, and something like a tear glittered on his long raven lashes. I shared in his rapture as I had in his pain.

Presently he turned to me, and with animation exclaimed, or rather inquired,

"What vessels sail from here within two days?"

I replied that I knew of but one, and that a Danish brig bound for New York.

"Engage a passage for three," he said, with an air of gravity and command; "may I depend upon you, Clinton, to send our baggage aboard to-night?"

"What mad project now?" I asked, adding slyly; "shall I get the pistols?"

"No joking over a serious business; I'm in another mood now; for look! as true as you and I live," he repeated with earnestness, "Emilia Le Garde, you and myself, will sail in that same Danish brig. Fortunately I understand Danish—and gold will do better than importunity. He shall have any amount, and I'll stock his vessel with provisions. As I know enough of the language to make myself intelligible, perhaps I had better go down to night. I will; and mark me, Clinton—that Danish vessel takes us to—'the land of the free and the home of the brave;' hurrah;" and in his enthusiasm he sprang to his feet, dragging me with him, and danced about the room, childish with joy.

The next day, according to appointment, Bellain met the charming French girl. She was prepared for any emergency; and it was decided that as there was no time to lose, they would defer their marriage until their arrival at New York. On the next morning, just as the sun came grandly over the western horizon, Emilia was rapidly conveyed to the little Danish brig lying out in the stream, and attended by the captain, a very gentlemanly man, who had devoted his neat little state-room to her—into the small but comfortable cabin.

I noticed that the sailors were the cleanest and most respectable men I had seen in any vessel yet, and with one exception, honest and contented looking fellows. This one, a man whose face gave promise of unlimited impertinence, Bellain accidentally struck, as he sprang on board. The sailor swore an angry oath, and Bellain incensed muttered the Danish word for "scoundrel."

The look returned, and the fierce growl that accompanied it, gave me uneasiness, especially as the fellow walked forward fingering his knife hilt. After that I could not with patience brook his presence. He never passed me on his way to duty, but I shuddered with some vague fear; he never glanced toward Bellain or the beautiful girl who so often hung on his arm, but the white gleam under his thin lips and the slumbering fire that flashed out in his fierce eyes, warned me that he meditated vengeance. Still the trouble seemed afar off, a speck like the cloud seen by the prophet.

One day I said carelessly to Bellain that I thought he had made a foe of John Brak, the sailor.

"Pshaw! he's a worthless scoundrel," muttered Bellain, and such men are usually cowards."

I heard something that sounded like a hiss. Turning, I met the glare of John Brak's savage eyes. He was that moment moving away.

"Bellain," I repeated, "that man intends you harm; I know it. You had better speak to the captain, and have him secured. Had you noted the expression of his eyes but now, you would have trembled for your life."

"What! have you turned coward too?" he replied, carelessly, laughing as he spoke.

"For God's sake heed me, Bellain," I reiterated, using the language of extremity; "I know not why it is, but I am horror struck—paralyzed when you are within a yard of each other."

"Nonsense! you are whimsical," he returned; "hark—there's something going on over there; see, the fellows shout and beckon."

We hurried to the spot—a noble whale of our right, came glistening in a long, low curve—gliding from the water like an inky wave. It was my first sight at a sea monster, and I became so intensely interested in its movements, that I did not notice the absence of Bellain. He had gone for Emilia and came forward in a moment, taking his stand by my side, the sweet girl clinging to his arm as the vessel danced to the waltzing motion of the billows. Looking over my shoulder to mark the effect of the scene upon her, I caught sight of John, standing a little back with his cap drawn down and a look of malignant hatred flashing from under his bent brows.

A gleeful shout chained my attention to the whale again. The huge creature was in the act of throwing up a jet of water that formed myriads of rainbows in the warm sunlight. We crowded closer to the vessel's side; with a great bound the whale threw herself from the water, the waves swelling, throbbing, and receding from her huge sides.

I was shouting, cap in hand, when a shriek that thrilled me to the heart's core startled my enthusiasm into fury. John Brak struggled in the arms of four stout sailors, his gory arm uplifted. A bloody knife glittered between the stains at my feet. Emilia, her dress blotched with heavy red plashes, lay like a corpse in the arms of the captain. Bellain, my poor friend, his face upturned and ghastly with the death struggle, writhed for a moment on the deck, and then lay motionless, dead.

So sudden was the shock, so quickly had the whole thing occurred, that when I sprang forward to wreak vengeance on the miserable murderer, he was already heavily ironed and dragged forward by his terror-struck companions.

Here, judge of my situation. Unable to speak or understand scarcely a word of Danish—a dying, broken-hearted girl before my eyes, dependent upon my care; my poor young friend lying out on a small cot upon the deck, robed for his ocean grave. His wound had ceased bleeding; there remained only a small, livid spot to tell where the deadly blow had been given.

For hours Emilia lay utterly unconscious, the image of death, and when at last reason returned, she could not speak nor move, only sob and moan, enough to tear one's heart with anguish. I dared not attempt to soothe her, for at the sound of my voice her sobs turned to piteous cries.

On the following morning the sun arose without a cloud. Above, the liquid blue shone like a calm benignant eye, gazing with lofty composure on the good and ill deeds of men.

The captain's face wore an expression of unusual solemnity. He was neatly dressed in what appeared to be his best. The sailors and mates stood with grave faces about the deck, all in their cleanest and newest attire. The corpse, which retained a singular look of composure, laid near the centre of the vessel, one man standing at the head, another at the foot. A table near by was furnished with a white cloth and a large open book.

I stood leaning over the side of the vessel, nor will I deny that salt, bitter tears were falling into the depth below. I wept for the untimely death of my poor friend—for pale, suffering Emilia.

Roused by the sound of voices, I became aware that some ceremony was in contemplation. The men were assembled near the corpse, where they stood in the attitude of reverence, while the Danish captain uttered a prayer. Solemnity hovered over the scene—the rugged men bowed their foreheads and wept.

He then spoke briefly to the crew. How well I recollect that morning. The sun, travelling his pathway of gold; the blue, sparkling waves, leaping as if with gladness; the man at the helm, with downcast countenance, looking absently from under his brows, and now and then stealing a glance towards us; the captain with his stern face; the white sails filled—the wind, balmy with the breath of the tropics, stirring the glossy locks that hung over the marble temples of the dead man, how indelibly is it all stamped upon my memory?

At a command the criminal was brought forth. There was little perceptible difference in his bearing, except that if possible a greater defiance blackened his villainous features and shone in his bold, hard eye. He stood sturdy and silent, save when the captain turned to him during the examination that followed. Then his replies were rather howls; there seemed nothing human in his voice.

A silence followed, during which the criminal persisted in his sullen demeanor. The captain turned to the open book upon the table. All this while I watched the murderer; not a muscle quivered. He stood with one foot firmly planted in advance of the other, and his brawny shoulders drawn backwards.

But when at the conclusion the Danish commander stepped back a few paces, and the sailors proceeded to lift the corpse, then, and not until then, the reckless John started. Sweat sprang in large thick drops upon his seamed forehead, and he trembled visibly, giving a rapid, despairing glance at the blue firmament above—at the curling waves around us. They brought the corpse towards him, and may I never hear such another unearthly yell as issued from his throat. Whiter than his victim he turned, his eyeballs started forward, their edges all rimmed with red. Momentarily I expected to see him run up the yard arm, but a more horrible fate awaited him. With all his force he threw himself at the captain's feet and lay grovelling there, imploring mercy. It was shocking to behold him writhe his body and strive to throw forward his manacled hands, till his whole frame was convulsed. But in vain his emotion. The captain stood like a statue of iron; his features fixed in the same relentless frown. The sailor was held down, shrieking and cursing to the deck, while several of his comrades lashed him to the corpse, back to back, shoulder to shoulder, elbow to elbow, foot to foot, firmly, securely.

The sight was sickening. The recollection distresses me now; it was justice, but with features how appalling!

They were then thrown over, the Dane shrieking and howling in impotent rage, mingled with terror. The billows seemed to close above them; I could look no longer; the brig flew onward, as if murder and violent death had no part in its history.

Ten days after we landed at New York. After taking charge of Bellain's effects, I had Emilia conveyed to a relative's house. She was very ill; indeed, I had begun to think death would be dealing a merciful blow should he sever her frail thread of life. I felt as if my best course would be to inform Monsieur Le Garde of his child's misfortune. Besides, Emilia moaned constantly for the care and sympathy of her mother. So I wrote to the colony, directing letters to be forwarded to whatever part of the country they had sought upon learning of the absence of their child.

Three months passed, slowly enough to me, whose sympathies were so painfully enlisted for this unfortunate and lovely girl. Yes, wasted as she had become, she was still very, very beautiful. Her long hair hung curling and unconfined over a white cheek and shaded eyes preternaturally large and shining. Her hands, always small, had lost their roundness; but their fair transparency appealed to the heart. Her form grew etherially delicate, and the under lids of her sad eyes were purple veined with the fulness of tears that constantly sought an outlet.

I—in fact, she grew dearer to me than a sister, and I confess to you I would have given my life to save hers—if, alas! it could but have restored poor Bellain.

We never mentioned his name, but one day I handed her a bit of scented paper. She seemed intuitively to understand that it was something very sacred, for she held it tightly clasped to her bosom till I went away. When I returned, I saw she had been weeping. She said nothing, but mutely held up a little locket of gold and the one shining black curl I had given her. I understood the look and the action, and ere night the gold and the tress of hair were wedded.

Three months from the date of my letter, I received a reply from Le Garde. In it was enclosed a letter for Emilia. Le Garde's epistle to myself was a miracle of invention, such as no other than a Frenchman and a crazy one at that could have jumbled together; abounding in the most pathetic language and the most furious invective. In one line, hoping that the health of his idol, his gentle, loving, darling child was by that time restored—the next branding her as ungrateful and unloving, and the dead Bellain as one of the greatest villains ever punished by a merciful God. It ended by saying that he might be expected almost any day after my reception of the letter.

Repairing to Emilia's room, I found her weeping over a tender message from her mother. All that day she was very sad and drooping; the next, I persuaded her to walk out, thinking the fresh air might give animation to her statue-like face and win some faint rose color to her pale cheek. I remember how happy I felt as she hung on my arm—for she was still very weak and required continual support, and I wondered—but I forget myself; what is it to you what I thought and wondered?

We were just turning from Broadway, when I felt Emilia give a sudden start. A wild cry followed, and once more I had an inanimate burden in my arms. I summoned a carriage, a physician was called, and the poor girl conveyed home. For some hours we thought her entirely gone, but after a while, that seemed an eternity, she revived, and cried with a ghastly face and changed voice,

"Bellain! I saw him; where is he? oh! my friend, go search for him, for true as God is my judge, I saw him."

I tried to reason with her, but she constantly and solemnly repeated, "I saw him; you cannot convince me against the testimony of my eyes, my heart. I saw him, not as a visitant from the tomb, but living, though how sadly altered! Do you think I should not know him? Oh! search for him, kind friend, search for him."

Willing to humor her, though entirely faithless, I nevertheless made it my business to promenade Broadway three times a day; and there one afternoon I met—you will hardly credit it—*Bellain himself!* Bellain truly, but haggard, emaciated, and melancholy, a shadow of his handsome, buoyant, former self.

I knew not what I did. I believe I first threw my arms about him in the midst of the crowded street. I have some recollection of wondering faces turned for a brief moment to stare at me, and more than once I heard the epithet "crazy;" but what did I care? As for Bellain, he was doubtless prostrated, for he burst into tears. We, however, adjourned to a hotel near by.

"In heaven's name, man," were the first words I addressed him, "where did you come from? Can it be you? Are you in reality flesh and blood?"

"Take my hand—does it feel like substance or shadow?" was his reply, placing his moist palm upon my own. "But quick, speak of Emilia; it did not kill her. Oh! Clinton, that fearful day," and he threw his hands forward, shut his eyes, and bowed his head, as if blinded by a flash of lightning.

"Emilia is living," I rejoined, "though not entirely recovered—there, there man, don't strangle me quite—but tell me, I am lost in wonder; you who were killed by the knife of an assassin, thrown over a seeming corpse with a man bound to you, how in heaven's name are you here?"

"It seems no less wonderful and unreal to you than to myself," he replied; "for I remember nothing after that agonizing blow deprived me of motion, though not for the moment of consciousness. I saw poor Emilia fall, heard her despairing cry, and I knew nothing more until I found myself in a strange state-room, tended by a fair-haired boy, whose joy at my first word seemed unbounded. I was told in what manner I had been rescued, and how the horrible novelty of my situation excited the utmost curiosity. In being thrown over we were caught probably on some floating fabric large enough to support our combined weight. John Brak evidently used the most frantic endeavors to keep alive, and the violence of his struggles, opening the wound in my side, restored suspended animation. In this situation we were picked up by a humane American captain—and there you have the whole story. John Brak was still living, and they questioned me closely as to the circumstances of our strange connection.

"What could I do, Clinton? Gratitude that my own life was spared, raised also a sentiment of mercy in my bosom. I could not implicate the poor fellow, murderer in spirit though he had been. I allowed them to form their own opinions. How long we had been floating together of course I cannot tell, and as I affected (or indeed I needed not affect) the greatest horror whenever the subject was mentioned they forbore to question me. After my convalescence I frequently saw John Brak who was working as a 'hand' forward. At first he eyed me with a dogged, sullen defiance, for he thought, doubtless, I had exposed his crime; but as day after day passed, and he saw no signs of enmity, he came by degrees to behold me in a wondering way, seemingly amazed at my forbearance—and at length his countenance took an impression of the deepest humiliation, his eyes closed, his head dropped with shame in my presence. Humbled to the dust he trembled whenever he neared me, and pale and shrinking averted his brow. But while I am talking with you Emilia waits;" and he sprang to his feet.

I assured him that the young girl was at that moment in the country whither my cousins had persuaded her to drive with them, and urged him to tell me whatever had happened since, especially the termination of his experience with the viperish John.

Bellain composed himself and continued.

"The sailor," said he, "seemed like one whose heart is eaten with remorse. One day he came to me, and in the most abject manner begged brokenly that I would take his life, or in some manner end it soon."

I said in Danish, "You are forgiven—trouble me no more, and thank God who has spared us both."

"Bellain," I cried, seizing his hand, "I am ennobled by your friendship; and what then did the wretch?"

Burst into tears after a long incredulous stare; every particle of malice seemed softened out of him. He fell upon his knees, and with the wildest accents of joy blessed me, then with a look in which devotion blended with awe and admiration he walked forward to his duty. Ever after, from that day to this, I believe that man would have died for me. Let me give him but one glance of approval, and his whole face lights up with pleasure. I am sure you would not know him now, his countenance is so refined, his manners are so gentle. Indeed I believe my forbearance has, as I said before, softened out every hostile emotion from the breast of John Brak.

"I do not wonder," was my reply; "but let us now seek Emilia."

I cannot be expected to paint the rapture of that meeting. Those wild moments in which the bliss of the present drowns all the agony of the past, are beyond the province of art to delineate. Pen cannot paint the subtle kindling of the face, the rich, low music of the voice, the flashes of love-light in the speaking eye; the heart only can see these—'tis the only canvass that retains such pictures—pictures that never grow dim.

That very evening they were married, so fearful was Bellain that some untoward fate might still retard their happiness. Emilia was simply but tastefully attired in white. Bellain, notwithstanding his emaciated appearance, yet bore himself bravely. I gave the bride away like a hero, which considering that I myself—ahem! that is nothing to the purpose.

Emilia soon regained her bloom. Each day she grew more cheerful, more beautiful. Bellain, accustomed all his life to plenty, spent lavishly till I restrained him; economy had not entered his speculation. He had written to his father, revealing what facts he had become possessed of, though in the heat of his indignation he would have upbraided, provoked him; but again I stood in his way for good. I counselled him to be conciliatory in his correspondence, so that he might not lead the haughty old man to disown him. He listened to me, resolving at the same time to seek justice at the hands of some future opportunity.

And all went "smoothly as a marriage bell"—till—Emilia's father came.

It was a bright July morning. Bellain had been making arrangements for his departure to England. The door bell rang violently, and soon cards were sent to myself, to Emilia. Much embarrassed, I went down to the parlor, where Monsieur greeted me stiffly, and Madame with tears. What could I do? what say? I waited calmly for Emilia to appear; I talked to them of their daughter; they never spoke of Bellain. Presently the door opened; Emilia came forward, *leaning upon her husband's arm.*

The astonishment, the wild look of baffled rage that now sat upon the brow of Le Garde, it is impossible to portray. The calm burst into a storm—the storm expanded to a tempest. Le Garde raved, blasphemed, cursed me—his child—his wife—heaven—God.

To me especially he delegated his heaviest thunder. I was the deceiver, the villain who had wilfully misrepresented the facts of the case—had given his child in keeping of a—— I will not stain the paper with his offensive epithets. I will tell how bravely and how sweetly Emilia bore herself, shrinking neither from taunt nor curse, though her cheek grew fearfully pale—clinging to him she loved with tearful tenderness.

Her mother, a timid yet most womanly woman, suffered for her child; interceded with sighs and prayers, but nothing could move Le Garde. White with passion, literally foaming at the mouth, he looked like some ferocious beast fresh from the undergrowth and snuffing blood.

He left the house, I believed then and I still think so, with the intention of shooting either Bellain or myself. A hurried embrace between mother and daughter—a purse of gold slipped in Emilia's hand—a smothered "God bless you," and the ill-matched pair had gone.

Not an hour after Bellain and his wife left for Albany, never to return again together.

Emilia's father did not go back to the South, but still lingered in the city, where I sometimes encountered his dark looks. Meanwhile the young couple had taken up their residence in another and a distant home. Some eye concealed had watched their exit, and they found their footsteps dogged by the implacable Le Garde.

And thus it happened, no matter where they went, the angry father followed. It was too much for Bellain in his precarious state of health; he rapidly and visibly declined, so his wife wrote me in agonizing expressions. One of her letters I think ran thus:

"O! dear friend, it grieves me so much what shall I do? I shall lose my husband, him that is so dear to me that I cannot see him fade away like a flower before my eyes. His cheek is pale; his eye dances not as once; his voice is low and sad, very sad. I cannot think how my father can persecute us so. I am very *timide* that he intends some wrong. What can it be? Would he kill his only child? *Now* how can I believe it? Ah! what shall I do, my friend? all things look so very dark. I keep my curtains down, for fear some harm may come to him. I dread to have him go out in the sunlight; is this the happy life I did expect? *Now*—I feel as if I was born not to take enjoyment. We shall go next week to England; his father has sent for us. Ah! how much kinder a father than my own!"

It happened that that same week I met them again. Emilia was in high spirits. She had been led to believe that at last her father was gone; and Bellain was looking well—too well, for alas! the too fatal scarlet on his cheeks burned like the flaming pomegranate. His eyes had lost that piercing expression which made them always so beautiful; a flitting vivaciousness looked at times through their solemn windows, but transient as the zephyr on a southern ocean.

We were all invited to a levee to take place on board one of our United States frigates, then lying in the harbor, preparatory to her cruise in far off waters. Emilia, splendidly attired, never looked so lovely. She had thrown from her the veil of sadness that of late had shrouded her so constantly. Laughing lips and eyes and flitting blushes made her a vision of gladness and beauty.

As we went on board I saw by the strong light a face I had somewhere known before. I troubled myself to step backward and gaze again. My suspicions were realized—it was too truly John Brak, the Danish sailor. Why was he here? Could he be still animated by the spirit of vengeance? My nerves thrilled as I intimated the fact of his presence to Bellain, commenting upon the strangely significant look he gave me as we mutually recognized each other. Bellain was disturbed, indeed quite agitated for a moment, but recovering himself quickly, he muttered, "I wonder how he came here, and why?" then relapsed into silence. Presently, turning to me again, he said, "I beg you will not allow Emilia to know of this; as for John Brak, he would not injure a hair of my head. I saw him but a moment ago come forward with a respectful air, and ask a favor, so it appeared, of one of the officers, and as he did so he looked towards me. A denial was the result, seemingly, and he moved reluctantly away. No, no," continued Bellain, musingly, "he would not harm me, I'd stake my life on that—but Clinton, there is something in the wind; I feel an ill boding presentiment through all my frame. Some dark deed is in progress, or soon to be," he added, in a bitter tone.

I rallied him, though my own heart was sinking. "If it was an affair of outward hostility," he said, desperately, "I could meet, resist, or overcome the evil, "but this apprehension of some stab from a skulking foe, this dread of an enemy in the dark, which affects even of the strongest nerve—this it is that is killing me by inches."

"The music is enlivening, come let us join the dance;" I replied, turning to the shadow that my lashes might grow dry before he perceived my emotion.

"I cannot do it," he said, bitterly; "I hear a knell striking with it; forgive me for suggesting such melancholy thoughts, but they are at present enwoven with every feeling of my heart. Promise me, Clinton," and he seized my hand, "whatever may happen, to protect Emilia. Never, never let her again live under the care of her fiendish parent—promise me."

I did so, and strove to laugh off his fantasies, but it was only the ghost of a laugh that sounded mockingly away down my throat.

On sped the evening hours. Bellain had grown more cheerful. Suddenly a pause occurred in the merriment. Hand to hand an athletic sailor was seen struggling with a dark stranger in disguise. Silently, rapidly, powerfully they grappled; every heart stood still, every hand was palsied; and it was not till the report of a pistol fell with stunning violence upon the ear, that the voice of command was heard issuing orders from near where I stood. It was a repetition of the scene I had previously witnessed on the tropical waters. The murderer stood writhing in the grasp of several sailors; John Brak, the faithful John Brak had expiated his sin, and lay now weltering in his own blood.

It seems that John had been only the previous week drafted on board the frigate in which he was soon to sail. We gathered from his broken words that this same stranger had bribed him to pass him on deck after the festivity had approached its height, and by his hints John had surmised that Bellain was the victim of his vengeance. Fearful that he might take some other and more secret means during the evening, when Bellain might be going to or from the vessel, John accepted the bribe, and watched with a keen and jealous eye the progress of affairs. How he was made aware of the man's immediate intention, we never know. It sufficed for us that he had saved the life of the husband and the friend, for that time at least.

The murderer confessed that he had been employed by Le Garde, who was then in the city. A strict search was immediately instituted, but he was never found.

John Brak died.

With the utmost devotion was he tended by those who owed him their lives; but all their tears, their care, their gratitude, restored him not. Often and often the poor fellow begged Bellain to forgive him the past, and he never seemed happier than when he was by, smoothing his pillow, or performing some little act of kindness for the gallant but dying Dane. Emilia could not appear grateful enough. With eyes swimming in tears, she sat by his bedside; took tenderly his broad hand, and by looks of sincere devotion told more truly than words how highly she esteemed the preserver of her husband's life.

But all this excitement wore upon Bellain. He grew like a shadow, and it was with the dread that I never should again behold him that I saw him depart for England! Too true alas! consumption claimed him. Before many months I received a letter with a broad margin of black—Bellain was at rest.

And so end some lives—short and full of trouble—they go soon to their rest. In connection with the loss of my friend, rest is a sweet, suggestive word—he is in Heaven.

Does not the wind blow more freshly? How the palm plumes and their silver-like feathers! On such a night as this Bellain and I have often wandered together, enjoying the perfume of the acacia blossoms, while the heavens filled with stars bent as complacently as to-night over the fair creation of bloom and beauty.

This was the captain's story.

"Did you ever see Emilia again?" asked the Consul.

An arch smile made more charming the face of the captain's beautiful daughter, as she turned her blue eyes full on her father's face.

"Here," said the latter, laying his hand lightly on the round arm of the young girl, "here is a picture of Emilia—for, sir—and my dear madam, you must know that years after, Emilia became my wife. Yes," he added, musingly, "through all her sorrows and reverses I devotedly loved her. Chance threw us together in England, where she still resided with her father-in-law. She yet retained her weeds though Bellain had been buried four years, and she was known only by the cognomen of the beautiful widow. None of her many admirers dared approach her—could approach such real, such sacred grief. But I was Bellain's own most dear and intimate friend. To me she was accessible, and—well, at length we were married, and Emilia has been a happy wife these thirty years."

"I am so glad!" I involuntarily said, "for I was fearful that Emilia also was destined for an early death."

"Le Garde, I have since heard," resumed the captain, "has become a desperate gamester; his wife is dead. But the mother of Bellain is still living, though she has changed her residence to Barbadoes. There, with the little fortune she has saved out of her remittances, she lives in a sort of style. Less generous than her noble son, who forgave where the most deadly vengeance might in the sight of men, have been secured, she does not even mourn that she caused, though remotely, the sad fate of her only child.

But as Bellain had often said, her wrongs were great.

The old captain left us at last, and we have never seen him nor his beautiful daughter since. Doubtless she is queening it over brilliant assemblages in some Northern city, for her charms must command the highest order of admiration. I hope we may some time meet again.

We are pleased to see that Mrs. Spencer is very favorably received into the ranks editorial by our brethren of the press. The following are from a number of our exchanges: H. P.

From Godey's Lady's Book.

"The literary department of *The Saturday Evening Post* will hereafter be under the charge of Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER. This lady is known as the author of many romances, sketches, etc., and particularly as the author of 'Ora, or the Lost Wife,' a novel of genuine merit. It cannot be doubted that, under her able superintendence, the *Post* will make a fresh advance in public favor."

We copy the above from a daily paper, and we congratulate the *Post*, always an interesting and well conducted paper, upon this accession. We know Mrs. Spencer, and her abilities. Her novel of "Ora, or the Lost Wife," one of the most powerful in our language, speaks for her abilities. We do not know what the sale of this novel has been, but if it had been brought out here with the name of Miss Braddon or Mrs. Wood, it would have been tremendous. But Mrs. Spencer must take the responsibility of being an American—a responsibility we know she gladly assumes, being the wife of a most gallant officer of our army.

From Arthur's Home Magazine.

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, author of "Ora; or, The Lost Wife," has become one of the editors of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, and we congratulate the publishers on having secured the literary services of this gifted lady. The New York daily *Evening Post*, in referring to the arrangement, says:—"Mrs. Spencer's literary ability is marked and pleasing. For one so young, she combines qualities as rare as necessary for the duties she has assumed, and we most cordially welcome her to the fraternity, with our warmest wishes for her success."

From the New-Falls Times.

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER has taken charge of the literary department of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*, one of our best weekly exchanges, and a favorite with a large class of readers. Mrs. Spencer is an accomplished writer, and we predict that under her management the *Post* will make a new advance in public favor.

From the Brodhead (Wis.) Independent.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.—This excellent paper, published by Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia, Penna., is hereafter to be under the editorial control of Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER, well known in literary circles as a talented writer. Under her management the *Post* will be even more popular than it has heretofore been. We congratulate the publishers on their good fortune in securing Mrs. Spencer's services.

From the Brooklyn Standard.

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER takes the place of the editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post* who is compelled by ill-health to retire temporarily, and who remarks, in introducing his successor: "Much is said now-a-days on the subject of opening new fields of employment for woman. In the editorial field a lady certainly can labor with propriety."

☞ RATIFIED.—A countryman purchased some meat at the shop of a jocose trader the other day, which was put into bags, and, as it was not convenient for him to take it away at once, left it in the shop till the next morning. In the morning he called, and finding that the rats had gnawed sundry holes, and abstracted some of the contents of the bags, he asked for an abatement of the price. "Oh, no, sir," said the trader, "I can't think of that, because the bargain was made last night, and, according to your own account, has since been *ratified*.

☞ In one of the Dutch churches in a rural village on the Hudson, a good old man was acting in the capacity of master of ceremonies at the funeral of a highly respected citizen. As is customary on such occasions, he invited the assembled mourners to view the corpse of their departed friend, and in the following language: "All can now have the pleasure of looking at the last remains of the oldest man now living in the town of S——. Pass up the broad aisle and down the right-hand alley.

A MILD HINT.—An Irish servant having carried a basket of game from his master to a friend, waited a considerable time for the customary fee; but not finding in likely to appear, scratched his head, and said, "Sir, if my master should say, 'Mike, what did the gentleman give you?' what would your honor have me to tell him?"

"MAKE way, gentlemen," cried a fussy M. P. to some people in the park the other day; "make way, we are the representatives of the people." "Make way yourself," replied a sturdy member of the throng, "we are the people themselves."

DICKENS, describing a New York boarding house, says you can always tell when they get a new kitchen girl, by the color of the hair in the biscuit.

PATIENTS BROUGHT TO THE BRINK OF THE GRAVE by disease of the lungs CAN BE SAVED by

COD LIVER OIL

Of entirely pure and of the best quality, *but not otherwise.* John C. Baker & Co.'s medicinal transparent Cod Liver Oil has the sanction of the leading incorporated medical institutions of this country. There is none comparable to it. Manufactured and sold by John C. Baker & Co., No. 718 Market street, Philadelphia. Price $1 per bottle. Letters from the country receive attention. For sale by all druggists. my6-3m

THERE OF COX'S INFALLIBLE DYSPEPTIC PILLS, taken one at a time, will effect a certain cure. Dyspeptics should apply for them at once to Samuel C. Hart, 46 South Second street, below Market, Philadelphia.

BEAUTY.—HUNT'S BLOOM OF ROSES, charming, delicate and natural color for the cheeks or lips, will not wash off or injure the skin. It remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Mailed free for $1,15. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 133 South Seventh St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

TEAS.

We call the attention of our readers to Mr. Henry Chapman's advertisement of Teas in this week's paper. Mr. Chapman is said to have a very large and choice stock, and purchasers would do well to examine it before buying elsewhere. Orders from the country will be filled the same as if the purchaser was on the spot.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.—Chloasma, or Mothpatch (also called Liverspot), and Lentigo, or Freckles, are often very annoying, particularly to ladies of light complexion, for the discolored spots show more plainly on the face of a blonde than of a brunette; but they greatly mar the beauty of either, and any preparation that will effectually remove them, *without injuring the texture or color of the skin*, is certainly a desideratum. Dr. B. C. PERRY, who has made diseases of the skin a specialty, has discovered a remedy for these discolorations which is at once prompt, infallible, and harmless.

Wholesale in Philadelphia by JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN, 23 North SIXTH Street, and by DYOTT & CO., 232 North SECOND Street.

Prepared only by B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, No. 49 Bond Street, New York, and for sale by all Druggists. Price, $1 per bottle. Call for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

For further information address Dr. B. C. PERRY, 49 BOND Street, NEW YORK. jy17-3m

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WHAT an amount of suffering and disease among the volunteers would be prevented by the free use of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT. For Wounds, Sores and Scurvy, the Ointment is a certain cure for Bowel Complaint, Fevers, Small-Pox, &c., the Pills are the best medicine in the world. If the reader of this "notice" cannot get a box of Pills or Ointment from the drug store in his place, let him write to me, 80 Maiden Lane, enclosing the amount, and I will mail a box free of expense. Many persons will not keep my medicines on hand because they cannot make as much profit as on other persons' make. 25 cents, 62 cts., and $1.40 per box or pot. Sold by all Druggists.

FITS! FITS! FITS!

Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

Sent to any part of the country by mail, free of postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 118 Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. Price—one box, $1; two, $2; twelve, $21. feb25-cow10t

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THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar1-1y

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☞ WE would recommend all wishing a profitable employment to notice advertisement of Albert L. Rice in another column.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Feb., 1865, at the residence of the bride's uncle, A. J. Beaumont, Esq., Great Springs, Bucks county, Pa., by the Rev. Henry Spayd, WILL W. WICKOFF, M. D., of Wertsville, N. J., to Miss E. M. P. SNOOK, of the former place. The Bucks Co Intelligencer and Eclectic Medical Journal of Philada please copy.

On the 30th of June, in Germantown, by the Rev. B. Wistar Morris, GWINNE H. HEAP, of Phila., to JOSEPHINE P. BIDDLOW, of Cincinnati.

On the 15th of June, by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, Mr. JAMES MCLAUGHLIN to Miss JANE ELLIOTT, both of this city.

On the 2th of May, by the Rev. J. F. Chaplain, Mr. WILLIAM A. HOLT to Miss MARY J. CHAMBERS, both of this city.

On the 7th of June, by the Rev. T. C. Murphy, WILLIAM F. GRAY, Esq., late of Baltimore, to Miss MARY M. ELLERSON, of this city.

On the 16th of June, by the Rev. A. Manship, Mr. FRANK P. HANAVY, of Connecticut, to Miss ELIZABETH B. DEAL, of this city.

On the 14th of March, by the Rev. H. F. Horn, Mr. ALBERT W. LOWRY to Miss MARIE B. SEMOUR, both of this city.

On the 11th of June, by the Rev. Mr. Wilson, Mr. THADDEUS CHAMBERS to Miss ELLEN R. DANE, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 20th of June, WILLIAM RENICK, in his 38th year.

On the 20th of June, Mrs. MARY, wife of Wm. B. Milner, in her 60th year.

On the 20th of June, NANCY TYRRA, wife of Geo. W. Kurtz.

On the 19th of June, J. CLIFFORD YEAGER, in his 35th year.

On the 19th of June, Mrs. ANNA WILKINS, aged 50 years.

On the 18th of June, Mrs SARAH C. VANSCIVER, in her 57th year.

On the 18th of June, JACOB CRESSON, in his 36th year.

On the 18th of June, THOMAS J. COOKE, in his 29th year.

On the 17th of June, Mrs. HANNAH FELTY, in her 72d year.

On the 16th of June, Mrs. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, aged 74 years.

On the 16th of June, JAMES R. JOHNSTON, in his 56th year.

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INSTRUCTIONS, EXERCISES AND MUSIC.

Zundel's $2 50. New Method, $1.50. Carhart's, $1.50. American School, $1.50. Model, $1.50. Winner's Perfect Guide, 75. Melodeon and Cabinet Organ without a Master, 75. Green and White's Instructor, 13. Howe's, 50. Woodbury's, 50. The above contain Instructions and Music. The Seraphine, containing music only, 75. Mailed, postpaid, on receipt of price.

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jy1-tf 277 Washington St., Boston.

LOOK HERE! BOYS!—My GOLDEN COMPOUND will force Whiskers to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days; satisfaction given, or money refunded. Price one dollar or 3 packages for two dollars, by mail. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois.

STRANGE! STRANGE!—Full instructions by which a person can master the art of Ventriloquism in a few hours and make a world of fun and a fortune. Price one dollar or 3 for 2 dollars. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ills.

SECRET OF PERPETUAL BEAUTY.—The beautiful art of enamelling the skin will be sent *Free* in the Journal of Beauty. This enamel will give the skin a soft, charming, pearl-like tint, such as can only be found in youth. It will not wash off, or injure the skin. Will remain permanent for years and cannot be detected. Address, with *stamp*, Prof. B. ROSS, *Portsmouth, Ohio.* jy1-3t

AGENTS WANTED.—$10 per day clear profit. For particulars, enclose red stamp to WM. EARL, 19 White St., New York. ap15-3m

Rates of Advertising.

Thirty cents a line for each insertion.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The July number of this Magazine opens with an engraving appropriate to the season, called "On the Cliff." It is a beautiful picture of two lovers enjoying the repose and freshness of the sea-shore—and makes one long for the dash of the breakers against the rocks, and the smell of the salt waves. The Double Fashion Plate for this month is quite brilliant. The other engravings are the "Bridge of Sighs," and the usual number devoted to new styles of dress, &c. We give the

LIST OF CONTENTS FOR JULY.

STEEL PLATE.—On the Cliff.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Bridge of Sighs—Waist of White Cashmere, (back view)—Waist of White Cashmere, (front view) Trimming—The Watteau Coiffure, (front view), Senorita Jacket—Watteau Coiffure, (back view).
MUSIC—Tyrrol Gallop.
THE SILENT NUN. By Sophie May.
ONE IS MISSING. By Eleanor C. Donnelly.
STEPHEN COURTLAND'S PET. By Annie Rossel.
SHOWERS. By Edwin R. Marvin.
SWEET AGNES. By Miss Annie F. Kent.
PEGGY MARTIN'S STORY. By Emma M. Johnston.
TWILIGHT.
OUR CHILD. By Marcia Hope.
THE FOLLY. By Aunt Alice.
DARLING MINNIE. By Frances Henrietta Berkefield.
JOHN SMITH'S BROTHER. By Frances Lee.
BALLAD OF THE BOATS. By Julia.
WHY? Translated from the French by E. L.
WORN OUT. By H. S. Corey.
THE BATTLE FIELD. By M. Florella Bonner.
NOVELTIES FOR JULY. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
New Publications.
Miscellaneous Receipts.
Fashions—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2 50 a year; 2 copies $4. To those desirous of making up clubs, specimen numbers will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums.* Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

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Call and examine something urgently needed by everybody, or sample will be sent free by mail for 50 cents that retail for $6. R. L. WOLCOTT,
feb18-1y No. 170 Chatham Square, N. Y.

A LADY who has been cured of great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow suffe rs the sure means of relief. Address, enclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 3068, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. je10-10

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HAVE PROVED from the most ample experience, an *Entire Success*—Simple, Prompt, Efficient, and Reliable. They are the only medicines perfectly adapted to popular use. They have received the biggest praise from the profession, the press, and the people, and will always render satisfaction.

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10	" Dispepsia, Weak Stomach, Costiveness	25
11	" Suppressed, Scanty or Painful Periods	25
12	" Leucorrhœa, or Whites, Profuse Periods	25
13	" Croup, Hoarse Cough, Difficult Breathing	25
14	" Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Eruptions	25
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17	" Piles, internal or external, blind or bleeding	50
18	" Opth'my, Sore, Weak or Inflamed Eyes	50
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20	" Whooping Cough, or violent Coughs	50
21	" Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing	50
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Case of Fifteen boxes (Nos. 1 to 15,) and Book 3 00

☞ These REMEDIES, by the case or the single box, are sent to any part of the country, by Mail or Express, free of charge, on the receipt of the price. Address,

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Patented May 12th, 1862, improvement patented June 9th, 1863. The celebrated FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Elegantly Constructed Novelty; is noiseless in operation, uses the straight needle, sews with Double or Single Thread. Makes the Running Stitch *more perfect* and *regular*, than by hand and with extraordinary rapidity. Will *Gather, Hem, Ruffle, Shirr, Tuck, Run up Breadths, &c., &c.*; requires *no Lubrication or Change of Stitch*—is not liable to get out of order, and will last a Lifetime.

"For the Dressmaker it is invaluable, for the Household it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book.*

"It uses a common needle, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—*New York Independent.*

"With single or double thread, it silently, yet very rapidly, with a common needle, makes the running stitch exactly like hand sewing."—*New York Tribune.*

Single machines sent to any part of the country per express, packed in box with printed instructions on receipt of the price, $5. Agents wanted every-where. Circular containing Liberal Inducements sent Free.

All orders must be addressed to
FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE CO.,
je24-3m Office, 102 Nassau St., New York.

"THE HUMAN FACE DIVINE."—A new system of Physiognomy, Eyes, Ears, Nose, Lips, Mouth, Head, Hair, Eyebrows, Hands, Feet, Skin, Complexion, with all "Signs of Character, and how to read them," in THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL AND LIFE ILLUSTRATED. Phrenology, the Natural History of Man. Physiology, functions of the Body. Phrenology, the Temperaments. Physiognomy, with the "Signs of Character, and How to Read Them." Psychology, or the "Science of the Soul." Monthly at $2 a year, or 20 cents a number. Address Messrs. FOWLER & WELLS, No. 389 Broadway, New York.

THE PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL has entered upon its forty-first volume with a subscription list of twenty-five thousand names. Its typographical appearance is neat, and each number is profusely Illustrated. This magazine, now ably edited by Mr. S. R. Wells, has steadily grown in public favor, and its contents on subjects pertaining to health, education and physical culture are sound, timely and emphatic. It was among the earliest journals in this country to discuss these subjects in a popular and convincing manner, and in addition to its specialty of Phrenology, it contains a great deal of curious and interesting matter.—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

The June number, now ready, is very interesting. je24-2t

GOOD BOOK AND PICTURES, sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.—"Chesterfield's Letter Writer," "Etiquette and Usages of Society," "How to Woo and Win," "Courtship Made Easy; "Family Physician." Each book contains 64 pages. 15 cents each. Colored pictures of all the Generals and battle scenes of the war. Size 13x18, 12 cents each. Ten for $1. Catalogues sent free. Address RICHARDS & ROCHE, 101 Division St., New York City. jy1-3t

WANTED.—Fifty men wanted to sell a Patent Machine in Pennsylvania and New Jersey. Also in all parts of the United States. It is useful to every family. Address ALBERT L. RICE, jy1-2t Boston, Mass.

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FOR FIFTY CENTS, I will, by return of mail, send a certain, *never-failing* Remedy, for the removal, in three days of Sunburn and Freckles. It is simple and never fails, and should it not perform all promised money returned.
Address MRS. S. CLAY,
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All afflicted with *Piles, Tetter, Sore* and *inflamed Eyes*, eruptions of the *Skin* and *face* should, if a speedy and permanent cure is desired, write to me at once, giving full particulars, &c.
J. W. EASTON,
Mount Union, Huntingdon Co., Pa.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, (upon the smoothest face,) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM,
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7-30 Loan.

THIRD SERIES,
$200,000,000.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, per annum, known as the

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These Notes are issued under date of July 15, 1865, and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 SIX PER CENT.

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These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum to their value*, according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a			$50 note.
Two cents	"	"	$100 "
Ten "	"	"	$500 "
20 "	"	"	$1,000 "
$1 "	"	"	$5,000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent., instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

The slight change made in the conditions of this THIRD SERIES affects only the matter of interest. The payment is gold, if made, will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in Gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalize prices that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

Now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages make it the

GREAT POPULAR LOAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Less than $230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within sixty days, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the Loan, the National Banks, State Banks and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

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No. 114 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
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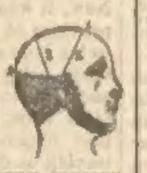


Inventor of the celebrated GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPACES. Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy.

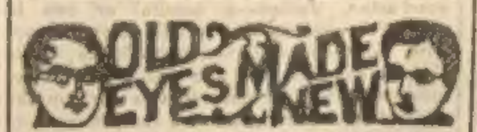
For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead, back as far as bald.
" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-sowly

$125 A MONTH!—Agents Wanted every where to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark $20 Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low price machine in the country which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All* other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user are *liable to fine and imprisonment*. Salary and expenses, or large commission, allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m

$70 A MONTH!—I want Agents everywhere, at $70 a Month, expenses paid, to sell *Fifteen Articles*, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars *free*. Address OTIS T. GARNY, Biddeford, Maine. my13-3m



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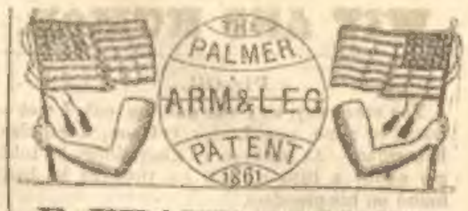
DRS. BASSET & DOWN, Dentists, Oculists, and Aurists. Teeth inserted on Gold, Silver, Platina, and Vulcanite, $3 to $30. Teeth filled with Gold, Silver, and Bone Filling, 50c. to $1. Repairing. References. Office, 945 Ninth St., below Locust. Letters receive attention. mar25-3m



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Surgeon-Artist to the Medical Colleges and Hospitals; Author of New Rules for Amputations; Inventor of the "Palmer Arm," Leg, &c., has removed to

THE STONE EDIFICE,

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Three Squares West of the Old Stand.

This Establishment, erected at great expense, for the business, combines every possible comfort and facility for Surgico-Artistic operations.

The Proprietor will devote his personal attention to the Profession at this House, and construct the "PALMER LIMBS" (under the New Patents), in *unexampled perfection. Thousands of these Limbs* are worn (though few are suspected), and a galaxy of *gold and silver medals* (50 "First Prizes" won, over all competition, in the principal cities of the world), attests the public value of these inventions. *All genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.*

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

All former partnerships have expired by limitation.
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WHEELER & WILSON'S
HIGHEST PREMIUM
LOCK STITCH
SEWING MACHINES,

No. 628 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

No. 3 Machine, with

Plain Table,	$55
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	62
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	65

No. 2 Machine, with

Waxed Black Walnut Table,	$65
Half Case, Panelled, Oiled Walnut,	72
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	75
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	80
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	95
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	100
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	100

No. 1 Machine, with

Polished Table,	$75
Half Case, Oiled Walnut,	82
Half Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	85
Half Case, Polished, Rosewood,	90
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany,	105
Full Case, Polished, Black Walnut or Mahogany, with Drawers,	110
Full Case, Polished, Rosewood,	110

Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

☞ The number 3, plain table, (worth $55) of the above list, is the machine we are now offering as a Premium for The Lady's Friend and The Saturday Evening Post—*see Prospectus*. Any of the higher priced machines may be procured by sending us the difference in Cash.

DEACON & PETERSON,
319 WALNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

NO RECOGNITION!

The Southern people have given up all expectations of being recognized, and it is equally difficult to

RECOGNIZE NORTHERNERS

whose heads of gray, yellow, white, brown, or red hair, have

SURRENDERED THEIR COLORS

under the wonder-working influence of

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE,

which plants permantly in their stead such blacks and browns as nature might mistake for her own.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
No. 6 Astor House, New York.
Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

Cristadoro's Hair Preservative

Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

Price, 50 cents, $1 and $2 per bottle, according to size. jy1-2teow

THE SUM OF DISEASE REDUCED.—By the operation of BRANDRETH'S PILLS, the *sum total of disease* is reduced, and their continued use, according to printed directions which accompany each box of new style, is certain to cure, in all cases where the life-principle is within their recuperative powers.

SYNOPSIS OF BRANDRETH'S PILLS CURATIVE QUALITIES.—The whole curative effect may be placed in this light. If the stomach and bowels are out of order, the general health is affected. If any disease exists in any part of the body, whether local or general in character, that disease will more or less affect the stomach and bowels. Now, Brandreth's Pills, by removing impurities from the blood, and cleansing the stomach and bowels of matters that interfere with their healthy action restore and keep in order these important and governing organs of the economy of man.

BRANDRETH'S PILLS are sold at the PRINCIPAL OFFICE 294 CANAL ST., and 4 UNION SQUARE, New York. ASK FOR NEW STYLE.

Obtain your first supply from one of these depots or from one of the regular advertised agents for the GENUINE BRANDRETH'S PILLS; you will then know how to discern between the true and the false.

Price 25 cents each. Sold by MRS. SHAEFFER, No. 14 North Eighth street, Philadelphia; by T. W. DYOTT & SONS, No. 232 North Second street, Philadelphia, and by all respectable dealers in medicines. jy1-2teow

USE OF TOBACCO

In all its forms CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free, by mail, for FIFTY CENTS—five for Two Dollars, by DAY & SON,
ap 1-13t New Haven, Conn.

WIT AND HUMOR.

Pig-Oil.

The other day, as I was walking out, I met a friend of mine, one Lucius O'Roon, a regular Hibernian. As we were walking along, he told me about a little oil-well he thought he had found on his premises.

"Well, yez must know, one day while I was in me back-yard forninst the pigsty, when an idea struck me that our pork was very oily—be the same token I'd often told Mrs. O'Roon the same thing.

"'Do yez think so, Lucius dear?' she'd say.

"'Ov coorse I do,' says I, 'and I can't tell the rason ov it!' But we said no more about it, and the day when I was standing by the pig-sty, looking at the pigs rolling in the wather, I thought that the creatures looked slick and oily. 'Holy mother,' says I, 'but them pigs have impudence. Here they are rolling in oil, and I as poor as a blind piper.' Wid that I gave a yell, and rushing into the O'Roon mansion, just as Mrs. O'Roon was coming out with a pot of boiling water. I knocked the pot out ov her hand, scalding a little pig that was lying in the doorway.

"'Arra, wirra, wirra!' cried Mrs. O'Roon, 'the blessed pig is kilt!'

"'Devil take the pig!' says I. 'Hurroo! come to me arms, Mrs. O'Roon; isn't it me that'll be as rich as the kings ov ould Ireland!'

"'What's the matter wid yez, me Lucius? Is it drunk or mad ye is?'

"'It's drunk wid joy I am, Judy dear. Hurroo! bless the pigs! Bless the pigsty! Bless Saint Patroleum! Bless—'

"'Blessed Virgin, what's come over him?' hollered Mrs. O'Roon, crossing herself.

"'I've struck it! I've struck it!' says I.

"'He's been fighting!' says Judy.

"'It's out in the yard!' says I.

"'What's out in the yard?' says she.

"'An oil-well!' says I.

"And wid that I brought her out, and showed her the well.

"'Bad scran to yez, Lucius O'Roon,' says she, 'is that what yez scared the life out ov me, and scalded the little pig for? Faix, an' if that's an oil-well it's aisy to make one; for it's only the oily pork-water I threw in the puddle.'"

A Good Bargain.

A good story is told of a Vermont farmer, who had a dog to sell, but who set an excessive value on the animal according to his neighbor's views. His price was one hundred dollars. He was frequently offered thirty and thirty-five dollars, which he refused, and always assured his friends he would get his price for the dog.

One day he returned from a journey, and immediately proclaimed that he had sold his dog for one hundred dollars.

"Ah!" said his neighbor, "did you get cash?"

"No," said the farmer, "not exactly cash, but what is equivalent."

"Well, what did you get?" persisted the friend.

"Why, I got two fifty dollar dogs."

In a Horn.—One day last week, a well-dressed, handsome man, with an unmistakable air of salt water about him, was standing at the bar of the St. James, looking lovingly at one of Joe's excelsior drinks, just manipulated and shoved over to him. Second gentleman came in, stopped suddenly, and looked at No. 1 as if he knew him. Then he hailed: "Beg pardon, sir, but haven't you been round the Horn?" "Ay, ay, shipmate, more'n a million of 'em. Hold on a second, and you'll see me round this one."

Dean Swift was once invited by a rich miser to dine with a large party; being requested by the host to return thanks, at the removal of the cloth, the dean uttered the following grace:—

"Thanks for this miracle!—this is no less,
Than to eat manna in the wilderness.
Where raging hunger reigned we've found relief,
And seen that wondrous thing, a piece of beef.
Here chimneys smoke that never smoked before,
And we've all ate where we shall eat no more."

The Ladies and the Gentlemen.—At a recent festive meeting, a married man, who ought to have known better, proposed: "The ladies—the beings who divide our sorrow, double our joys, and treble our expenses." Upon which a lady proposed: "The gentlemen—the sensitive individuals who divide our time, double our cares, and treble our troubles." The married man didn't stop to hear any more.

Marriage and Whiskey.—A Highlander, under the influence of whiskey, once went on a very hot day to be married. The services having commenced, the bridegroom was asked—

"Are you willing to take this woman to be your wedded wife?"

"Yes," he replied, wiping large drops of perspiration from his steaming face—"yes, if I can get a drink."

Saying Boo to a Goose.—A person being seated at a table between two tailors, said, "How prettily I am fixed between two tailors;" upon which one of them replied, "That being only beginners in business, they could not afford to keep more than one goose between them."

The Unwelcome Guest.—A Boston storekeeper the other day stuck upon his door the laconic advertisement: "A boy wanted." The next morning, on opening the store, he found a little urchin in a basket, labelled: "Here he is."

Hub sub.—"I love my dear hub though I do have a row with him now and then," said Mrs. Sharp to a lady friend. "Yes, my dear," was the reply, "you love your hub, no doubt, but you are always ready for another *hub bub*."

A Mother's Pride.—"The man who raised a cabbage-head has done more than all the metaphysics in the world," said a stump-orator at a meeting. "Then," replied a wag, "your mother ought to have the premium."

Suicide.—"Susan," said a faithless swain to his betrothed, "I have changed my mind; I shan't marry you." Villainous, wasn't it? And what do you think was the result?—*Sue-ey-cided!*

"What a fool!" said Patty Prim, when she heard of the capture of Jeff. Davis; "of course the men would all run after him if he was dressed as a woman, and he was sure to be caught."

A REBUKE.

Host.—"Fish is very expensive, just now, I can tell you. This salmon cost me seventy-five cents a pound!"

Guest (no business of his).—"Ah, it's very good, I think I'll take another twenty-five cents' worth!"

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Agricultural Colleges.

As at present conducted, our agricultural colleges throughout the country are almost anything else we may please to name them than institutions for the sound, practical education of farmers. Lounging rendezvous for young gentlemen—sons of gentlemen farmers, who have never performed a real, honest day's labor at farming in their lives, and never intend to. Prostituted to independent idleness and the higher classics as these colleges are, so far as we have any knowledge of their economy, a young man seeking to become a thorough practical farmer might just as well submit himself to the ordeal of one of the German schools of Æsthetics as to an American agricultural college.

Mere education, without application, is of little worth to any one, whatever may be their calling, and this wasting the resources of an institution in conferring "excelsior" accomplishments upon those who will never turn them to practical account, is damaging to community, and in itself simply ridiculous.

If we wish to educate a mechanic or an artisan, so as to make him master of his calling, common sense teaches us that the proper manner will be to begin at the base of knowledge—with the rudiments of the trade or profession, and mingle practice with science in such proportions as the exigencies of the case demand, thus continuing our course of upward education, until we have achieved a model combining the best practical with the highest scientific attainments. Why reverse this order of education under any circumstances, any where?

Under well directed, judicious management, our agricultural colleges and State farms might easily enough become popular public blessings. In this age of progress we are continually inviting into public notice and favor new grains, grasses, plants and shrubs, that by the efforts of individuals alone are held in doubt for years after they ought to have been either accepted as popular favorites, or discarded as worthless. Now, it would be a legitimate and very proper province of these State agricultural institutions to lay hold of these strangers, experiment with them, bring out their merits or disqualifications, and if found worthy of public favor, produce from them reliable offsprings that the public may obtain at reasonable rates, instead of leaving us dependent, as we are, on ill-directed individual enterprises, or the imbecility of a national institution, than which nothing on this earth was ever more grossly misnamed and mismanaged.

The Corn Field.

Somewhere along towards the close of the present, or about the beginning of next month, that corn-field, or rather the corn growing therein, will require a second looking after, and as the success of the crop is more dependent on this than either the earlier or later courses of cultivation, let us see that the operation is well and thoroughly performed. Perhaps the double-shovel cultivator is the best implement you can put into the field at this time. Look out for the roots. The corn stalks are growing sturdy now, and thrusting out their underground fingers in search of vigor. Disintegrate, pulverise the soil as effectually as possible, but keep in the centre between the rows with your cultivator. The roots will soon be out there, reveling in fertility.

Let no weed or tuft of grass escape your vigilance. Snatch out, or decapitate without mercy, every weed of them. The fertility they usurp were more profitably expended on the corn crop.

It is possible that your corn-field has not been sufficiently or judiciously fertilized so as to afford a maximum crop. If so, now is the proper time to correct that mistake. And it is cheaply and expeditiously done, provided you are supplied with the material, as every farmer ought to be. It is simply an application of wood-ashes, dashed—a handful or two in among the stalks of each hill. Any of your boys, small chaps, father, father-in-law, Uncle Ned, or any one else not available for more arduous service, are competent to perform the work of fertilization, and with an open-mouthed sack of ashes slung under the arm, as the hand-seeder wears his bag of grain, the sowing of ashes may be rapidly performed.

The effect produced by the application of ashes, at this stage of corn life, is surprising to one who makes the experiment for the first time. The hard, glossy coating of the corn stalk, which it begins to put on at this season, and which is a necessity of the best development of the grain, is composed, in a very large proportion, of silex, which requires the active offices of some solvent, before it can be laid hold of and appropriated by the plant.

Now as potash is the only ready and reliable solvent of silex, and as quite one half of the manurial agents applied to the corn-field are usually deficient in potash, or at least of that material in an available condition, it follows that wood-ashes are the very best fertilizing agent that can be applied to corn at this stage of its growth. Farmers, save your ashes to make corn with.

Double Crops.

There are conditions under which a naturally generous soil may be expeditiously cropped to death, but such results are invariably brought about by injudicious management. No soil need be, or ever is, wholly exhausted, or as it is popularly termed "worn out," by neglect and consecutive cropping. One or two—sometimes three of the elements of plant life may be largely overdrawn by injudicious culture, but there are always a good many constituents remaining in the soil; one-half of them perhaps in excess of any demand ever likely to be made upon them.

Under such circumstances, it is absolute folly to abandon the territory as worthless, "worn out," and just as fallacious to go into a promiscuous contribution of all the constituents of vegetable organization when the supplying of two or three, is all that is required to bring the soil up to the maximum standard of fertility. In some instances this desideratum may be accomplished in a season or two, simply by cropping, and growing double crops too.

Let us take for instance, a field from which the nitrogenous and alkaline elements have been largely exhausted by an injudicious course of cropping with the ordinary cerials—the other constituents remaining in abundance, probably in excess of any ordinary demand. That field will not afford us wheat, corn, rye, or oats another season at any remunerative rate. We know that, and so we resolve upon a double crop and regeneration. "A pretty piece of rural philosophy," you will say perhaps. "Something like seeking to bring up a worn out, broken-down old horse by inflicting upon him a double burden." That is only your error. Let us see.

We shall plough, and counter plough, and harrow that field as opportunity serves, so that by the first to tenth of July, we shall have it in the highest possible state of tilth—supplying it with no kind of manure whatever. Then we shall mix with buckwheat, the seed of any of the better sorts of round turnips in the proportion of half a pound of turnip seed to a bushel of grain, and sow by hand. Buckwheat and turnips are both gross feeders on nitrogen and ammonia, drawing their supplies almost exclusively from the atmosphere, in their gluttony absorbing double the quantity their simple organization requires, and without damage to themselves, deposit the surplus in the soil, hungry, and eager to lay hold of the material of which it has been robbed by the preceding cerials. The buckwheat always getting well the start of the turnips, shield them from the fierce rays of the July and August sun, protect them effectually while in infancy from the fly and black bug, and when the buckwheat, which has received equal benefit from the undergrowing crop, comes off the ground, there is left for a later harvest a famous, fine growing turnip crop, which when they make their exit, will leave the soil in a condition very greatly improved.

Turnips may be very advantageously grown as a secondary crop, by sowing the seed among corn or tobacco at the last cultivation of those crops.

Kitchen Manures.

One of the amusing inconsistencies of agricultural existence is the fact that one—one!—why, hundreds and thousands indulge in the practice—purchase a bag or barrel of some advertised mercantile manure in town, at an expense of from three to ten dollars, haul it twelve miles, at a cost of five dollars, and while they are doing this, actually throw away a home fertilizer of double the value that might be saved and prepared for application at a cost of seventy-five cents.

For all manurial purposes, where any of the ordinary or extraordinary garden vegetables, melons, grape-vines and fruit trees are sought to be benefitted, a barrel of mingled soap suds, greasy dish water, kitchen scrapings and chamber slops is of more worth than a bag of the best Pacific guano ever brought around Cape Horn.

There are always enough old barrels and tubs knocking about and often needlessly knocked to pieces at every farm house, to save all such material in. If not, it were better economy to expend five dollars for a few second-hand barrels to store such kitchen offal in, than to let it go utterly to waste, and spend fifteen dollars for some mercantile adulteration of not a quarter of the value.

During the droughts of summer this liquid kitchen compost is the very thing for thirsty vegetation, and with a large sized watering pot its application is simple and expeditious.

If we were in the "truck" business, and located anywhere within five miles of the city, we would have liquid "save-alls" stationed at Continentals, Girards, and every other hotel and boarding house of any considerable extent in the city, and cooks and chambermaids, laundresses and scullions feed to deposit to our account their promiscuous chamber and kitchen productions.

USEFUL RECEIPTS.

Madeline's Kitchen Cabinet.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Gooseberry Toast.

My dear sister sufferers, whenever you begin to pick and peck, and cock out some cause of quarrel with every dish on your breakfast table, simply because your appetite is at fault, I pray you resort to my favorite peace maker, and if you shall fail to find it all you desire, it will be because of your unreasonableness, and then you can abandon it you know, having always your variety and fastidiousness to fall back upon.

Order cook, or what is better, set about and make it yourself, a gooseberry toast. We almost always do these things for ourselves better than cook can do them for us if she is ever so willing.

Get a pint of good, sound gooseberries—no matter about their being very ripe—clean them thoroughly from stems and dried blossoms, then toast to a bright brown on both sides so many slices of stale bread as you will need, baptize by immersion each slice of toast in new, sweet milk—sprinkle one surface of each slice with white powdered sugar, having your berries stewed ten minutes, so that none of them shall be broken, cover one slice of toast with them, the berries are to be roofed over with another slice, and thus proceed until the toast and berries are exhausted.

Thus prepared, pack the material snugly in an earthen dish with a close fitting cover, and let them remain in a moderately hot oven for a quarter of an hour before sending to the table.

If a breakfast diet of gooseberry toast, continued consecutively for a week, does not bring you to an appetite and a realizing sense of what is good, you may consider yourself a confirmed dyspeptic, lunatic, or something of that sort.

Raspberry Royal.

During the hot summer's solstice, when appetite fails, and universal lassitude lays hold of the system, do not rush headlong to pulmonic pills, phlebotomy and apothecary practices, but seek to put on muscle with some simple renovator of your own manufacture. Nothing better, I have learned to think, for the purpose, than Raspberry Royal, prepared thus—

Four quarts of sound, ripe berries, placed in a stone jar—pour over them a quart of the best cider or wine vinegar—none of the villainous chemical acid abominations will answer the purpose—add a pound of fine white sugar, and beat the berries to a batter with a wooden pestle. Then strain dry as nearly as may be through a strong linen cloth, and add to the syrup thus obtained a pint of first class pale brandy. Bottle and use two tablespoonfuls in a half pint tumbler of water.

Blackberry Cordial.

To a gallon of good, ripe blackberries, add three pounds of cheap, clean brown sugar and a quart of rain-water scalding hot. Suffer the berries thus treated, to stand twelve hours in an earthen crock, and then stew twenty minutes in a porcelain lined kettle. Squeeze out all the liquid through a close cloth strainer, add to it a quart of Jamaica spirits, a quarter of a pound of whole allspice, and an ounce of essence of cloves. Bottle when cold, and use a large tablespoonful of the cordial in an ordinary tumbler of water as a common beverage during all the warm weather.

Under such a practice, there will be very few cases of cholera infantum and "summer complaints," among children, or of diarrhœa or dysentery among adults.

Peach Pot-Pie.

"What's that, you innovator?—*Peach pot-pie?*"

"Yes, ma'am—that's exactly what I do mean—a peach pot-pie. Nothing ridiculous about that, certainly. I don't know that it is even new to the public. It has not been to me any time these four years. I learned it of a Savoyard *chef*, and I consider it one of the choicest bits of kitchen science I ever fell heir to. Please bear it in mind till peach time—experiment, and become converted.

Take nice, tender, lean veal, clear of bone, cut it into shreds, then good, fine-flavored peaches—not so ripe as to be *slumpy*—peal thin and slice as thin as possible. Have greased as many of the smallest size soup-plates as you will have plates laid at the dinner-table. On each of these plates lay a crust rolled out a quarter of an inch thick, and lay in an inch in depth veal, peaches and thinly sliced potatoes in equal proportions. Add as much butter as will flavor the dish, but not so much as to make it greasy. A dusting of pepper, a pinch of cinnamon, and then cover with a crust something thinner than the bottom one.

Thus fill all the plates, then set the first one in the bottom of a steamer or tin kettle, cover it with an inverted plate, then set in another and another, until all are stacked in. If the steamer is used, nothing more is required than to cover closely, and steam away for an hour and a half. If a kettle is used, place it in a pot or iron kettle, with water enough to come half way up the inner kettle, and boil as before, an hour and a half. Serve the dishes just as they come from the kettle, on other plates.

Another New Idea.

Just when I had finished that pot-pie, and read it all over to Aunt Tabby Teasle, an old relic of almost Revolutionary times, who had been sitting by, watching me dip up and distribute ink; she held up her hands in amazement and went jubilant right out loud:

"Lawa, a massy on me, Maddie! Dew tell—did you dip up all that are larnin how tew make all them things outen that are ink-stand, on that little steel thing? Wouldn't yer be willin ter give granny one of 'em, and a leetle mite of that are ink, darter, honey?"

A dexterous pickpocket never fears a crowd, for he can easily *pick* his way through it.

THE RIDDLER.

Military Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 48 letters.

My 2, 4, 23, 34, 3, 12, 47, 1, 19, 41, 14, 8, 41, 48, is a valuable work on military science.

My 10, 21, 4, 20, 28, 19, 22, 36, 8, 18, 7, 28, 45, 25, is an important army of the military service.

My 22, 42, 5, 33, 45, 38, 46, 7, 39, 3, was a general in the so-called Confederate army.

My 24, 37, 18, 5, 17, 5, 7, 29, 16, 16, is noted for a battle fought there in 1861.

My 4, 24, 5, 29, 1, 16, 19, 41, 3, is a military command.

My 5, 4, 26, 32, 19, 7, 31, 15, 13, is a subdivision of a regiment.

My 9, 2, 12, 45, 11, 4, 30, is a military hero of the present war.

My 29, 35, 44, 23, 37, 43, 14, is an officer in the Federal army.

My 40, 27, 8, 7, 42, 2, was an important battle in the present rebellion.

My whole is one of the most important events of modern days.

Tallahoma, Tenn. GAHMEW.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 39 letters.

My 33, 5, 26, 7, 35, 24, is a large planet.

My 19, 29, 15, 36, 32, was an ancient historian.

My 9, 36, 23, 15, 30, was goddess of the chase.

My 29, 16, 13, 11, was one of the most illustrious of the Roman historians.

My 18, 20, 22, 2, 4, was an ancient race of barbarians.

My 34, 6, 38, 14, 17, 39, 21, is a religious sect.

My 1, 27, 37, 10, 6, 35, 12, is a place of amusement.

My 25, 28, 3, 31, is a writing.

My whole are welcomed by both old and young. EVA.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first moves out with graceful sway,
When 'mid the lighted hall
Bright forms are gliding through the dance,
At revel, hop, or ball.
My second is the shorten'd name
Of some one whom we know—
'Tis own'd always by gentlemen,
And used by high and low.
My third may be a sound of pain,
Also of joy or fright;
It bears the low, deep tone of grief,
Or echoes with delight.
My whole within the garden blooms—
Is raised with little care,
And serv'd upon the table, helps
To make delicious fare. EMILY.

Baltimore, Md.

Charade.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 7 letters.
Leave off my two last and you'll find me of use
In securing your treasure from thieves or abuse;
Reverse and transpose, and a blessing you'll see,
Unequally shared by the bond and the free.
Now simply transpose, and 'twill show you quite plain
How to arrive at the value of mankind or grain.
The next transposition Americans scorn,
Old England claims it for her nobly born.
My fifth and last, now War gives way to Peace,
From thankful hearts float onward with the breeze.
My whole is a County in the good State of Penn,
Renowned for pretty girls and loyal men.
R. H. WALTERS.

Trigonometrical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A B and C are living in respect to each other on the three angles of a scalene triangle, and D lives somewhere on the line joining A and C; the distance between A and B is 6, between B and C 20, and between A and C 24 miles. Now B having some business between both A and D, first travels from his place to A, at the rate of 4 miles an hour, then to D, at the rate of 3 miles an hour, then going home at the rate of two miles an hour, finds that it took him just eight hours, (he having in each case travelled in a straight line.) Allowing a half hour for transacting the business, what is the distance from A to D? REUBEN BARTO.

Pine Grove, Schuylkill Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required the area of the greatest parabola that can be inscribed in a triangle whose sides 40, 50 and 60 rods. WALTER SIVERLY.

Oil City, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a man boiling beets and a man flogging him? Ans.—One cooks the beets, and the other beats the cook.

☞ Why cannot two slender persons ever become great friends? Ans.—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

☞ Why is a crow a brave bird? Ans.—Because he never shows the white feather.

☞ Why is a person who never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Ans.—Because he is no better.

☞ What best describes and most impedes a pilgrim? Ans.—Bunyan (*Bunion.*)

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Be just and fear not." CHARADE—Bayonet (Bay-o'-net.) CHARADE—Wheat.

Answer to PROBLEM by Jas. H. Swan, published April 29th:—10 cows, 1 sheep and 80 geese. J. N. Soders, Fred'k A. Weldon and Jas. M. Greenwood.

Answer to D. Diefenbach's PROBLEM, same date:—5390 cubic in. capacity of vessel—18.0516 in. diameter of the ball—9.5230 in. depth of water. J. N. Soders and D. D.